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SHIKUN OVDIM

AN ADDRESS YOU CAN RELY ON

THE JERUSALEM POST MAGAZINE

Friday, August 31, 1984

The Hammer collection



המספר 100



On the Cover: Painting by Sir John Everett Millais, from The Armand Hammer collection, which is about to go on display at The Israel Museum.

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Center for Conservative Judaism
Congregation Moroshet Yisrael
2-4 Agron Street, Jerusalem
Tel. 02-226388/223638
Adult Education Institute



We are pleased to announce the Schedule of classes opening on Sunday, Sept. 2, 1984 (Elul 5). By special arrangement, students accumulating 100 study hours at our Adult Education Institute will receive a diploma from the Hebrew University Martin Buber Institute for Adult Studies.

HEBREW LITERATURE Esther Tishbi, M.A. COMMENTARY ON 10TH CHAPTER MISHNA SANHEDRIN WITH THE 13 PRINCIPLES OF FAITH Chaim Pearl, Ph.D. JEWISH CHORAL MUSIC — ZAMIR CHORALE Tami Kleinhans, B.Sc. A PAGE OF TALMUD — Sponsored in memory of Leo Argand Eliezer Segal, Ph.D. READING THE HEBREW NEWSPAPERS (in Hebrew) Zev Shifman, M.A. HEBREW FOR HEBREW SPEAKERS Zev Shifman, M.A. HEBREW UNIVERSITY FORUM Miryam Shuman, Coordinator CONTEMPORARY HEBREW RESPONSE Jonathan Porath, M.H.L., M.A. THE SIDDUR AND THE PRAYER EXPERIENCE Jonathan Porath, M.H.L., M.A. THE ADAM AND GIDEON WEILER TALMUD CIRCLE (Hebrew) Tuvia Friedman, Ph.D. THE BOOK OF AMOS Rabbi Gershon Levi TORAH PORTION OF THE WEEK Benjamin Hollander, M.A.	Sunday 5.00 p.m. Sunday 6.45 p.m. Sunday 7.45 p.m. Sunday 8.00 p.m. Monday 6.00 p.m. Monday 7.00 p.m. Monday 8.00 p.m. Tuesday 7.00 p.m. Tuesday 8.00 p.m. Wednesday 4.00 p.m. Wednesday 7.00 p.m. Thursday 7.00 p.m.
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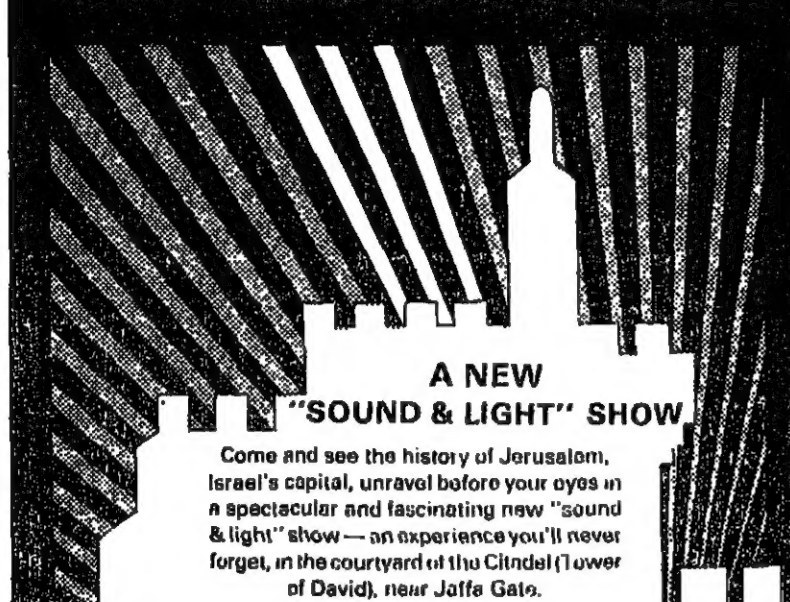
SPECIAL SERIES

"FAITH AND FATE IN JEWISH FOLK TALES" Barbara Rush, M.A. Wednesday evenings at 8.00 p.m. From October 24 — December 12 "THE ETHICAL CHOICE IN JUDAISM: A LITERARY APPROACH" Eveline Goodman-Thau Wednesday evenings at 8.00 p.m. From December 19 — February 6 "THEMES IN JEWISH PHILOSOPHY" Professor Eliezer Berkowitz, Ph.D. Wednesday evenings at 8.00 p.m. From April 24 — June 5 "FROM ISRAELITE RELIGION TO JUDAISM: THE LATE BIBLICAL PERIOD" Bezalel Porten, Ph.D. Thursday evenings at 8.00 p.m. From October 25 — December 13 "MODERN JEWISH LITERATURE; FROM KAFKA TO AMICHAI" Gershon Gorenberg, B.A. Thursday evenings at 8.00 p.m. From Dec. 20-Feb. 7 "EXPERIENCING THE TRADITION EMOTIONALLY" Professor Simon Greenberg Sponsored by the Confederation of Jewish Men's Clubs. Date and time to be announced.	
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SPECIAL EVENTS

ANNUAL PESSAH SEDER — Friday evening April 5 SECOND ANNUAL ISRAELI GOLDSTEIN YOM HASHO'AH LECTURE Monday evening April 15 LAG B'OMER TITUL — Thursday May 3 YOM YERUSHALAYIM OUTDOOR ART FAIR May 19 TIKUN LEVI SHAUVOT — Motza'ei Shabbat, May 25	
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versions

Hebrew nightly, at 7:45 p.m. French: Mon., Wed & Sat., at 9:45 p.m.
English: nightly, at 8:45 p.m. German: Sun., Tues & Thurs., at 9:45 p.m.
(No performances on Fridays or holiday eves) Please dress warmly

ALSO AT THE JERUSALEM CITY MUSEUM
Exhibitions • Multi-Screen Show • Archaeological Courtyard
The museum and the site are open to the public daily from 8:30 a.m. to 4:30 p.m. and on Fridays till 2:00 p.m.
Visiting groups are kindly requested to make advance arrangements. Tel. 02-286079.

WHEN IN JERUSALEM — A VISIT TO THE TOWER OF DAVID IS REALLY A MUST

DAVID'S TOWER — REDISCOVERED

From September 10, there will be a few vacancies at the newly built, modern, Retirement Home

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Jews — Don't Be Fooled!

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If Christian missionary teachings trouble you, contact:
Michael Drazin, Jewish Faith World Wide Inc., P.O.B. 788, Tiberies, Tel. 087-20041.
• We are free of charge, private, informal and confidential.
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AT 1.59 P.M. ON JUNE 8, 1967, two Israeli Mirage fighters, followed by Super-Mystère jets and torpedo boats, attacked the USS Liberty off the coast of the Sinai peninsula. One hour and 20 minutes later, the Israelis realized that the ship they had attacked with efficient ruthlessness was an American vessel. Two hours before the attack, the Liberty had been a sophisticated intelligence-gathering ship; now it was a burning hulk, with 34 of its crewmen dead and scores injured.

Was the Liberty attacked intentionally? Seventeen years later, the question remains open. Countless magazine articles and several books — one by an eyewitness to the events — have been written about the incident, but the mystery remains.

The following account of what happened to the Liberty on June 8 is based on unedited, previously unpublished material retrieved by the authors over the past 10 years from Israeli naval and air force archives and on transcripts from two internal Israel Defence Forces (IDF) investigations into the affair which remain classified.

Since June of 1967, when the IDF reported to the U.S. the results of a preliminary investigation into the attack, Israel has remained silent. On June 10, 1967, Israel's ambassador in Washington sent a formal apology to the secretary of state, calling the attack a "tragic accident."

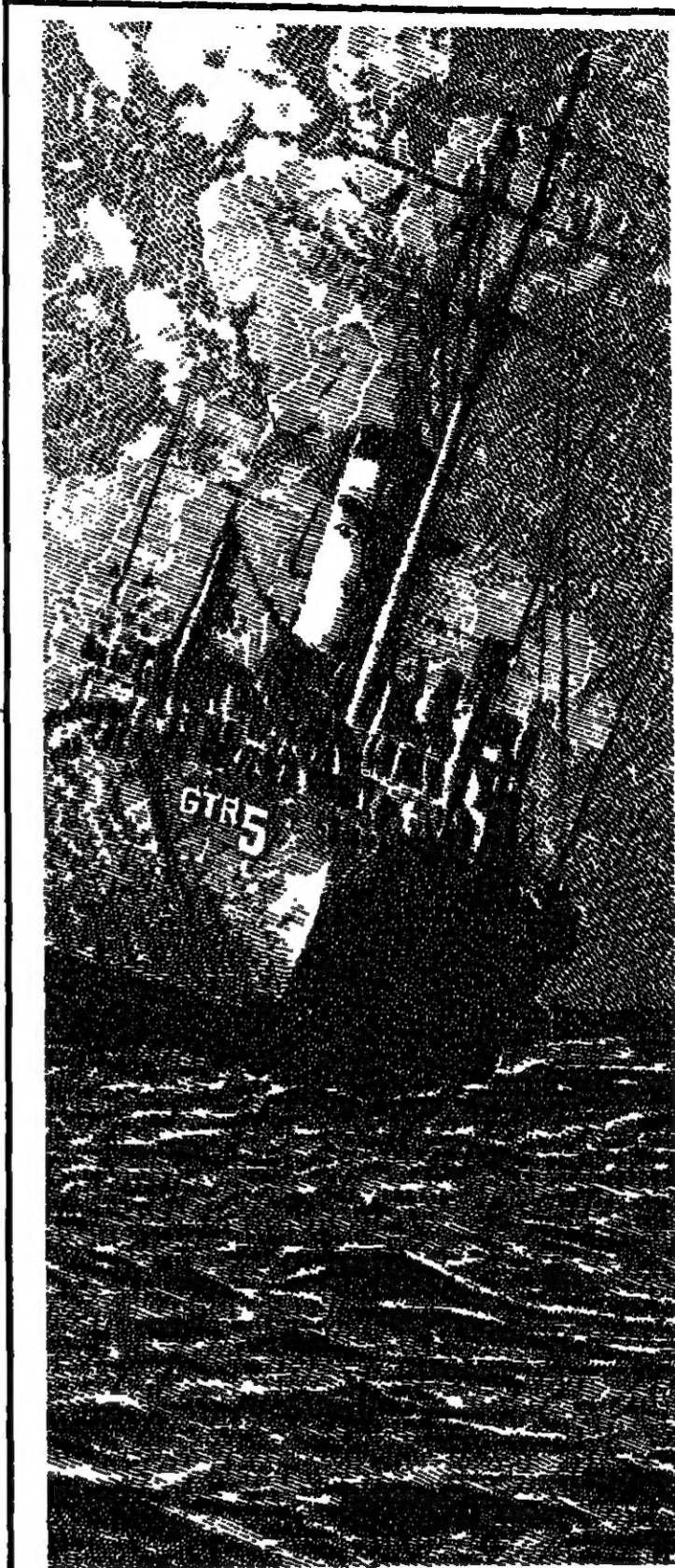
The American reply, sent the same day, was terse: "At the time of the attack the USS Liberty was flying the American flag and its identification was clearly indicated in large white letters and numerals on its hull. It was broad daylight and the weather conditions were excellent."

The reply went on to document Israeli reconnaissance missions over the ship before the attack, continuing: "Accordingly, there is every reason to believe that the USS Liberty was identified, or at least her nationality determined, by Israeli aircraft approximately one hour before the attack."

The initial explanation of the attack came in a preliminary report telephoned on June 9 to Commander Ernest Carl Castle, the naval attaché at the American Embassy in Tel Aviv. Israel claimed that the Liberty had not been flying the U.S. flag at the time of the attack and that it had been in waters declared closed to neutrals by Egypt, the main Arab combatant in the desperate three-front war that Israel was then engaged in.

Toward the end of June, the Israeli military released to the American government, again through Castle, the findings of an IDF Commission of Inquiry into the attack, which admitted error, but at the same time decided that the attack had not been a deliberate one. The commission found that the ship had tried to hide its identity and that it had had no right to be in the war zone without having first informed the Israelis. The commission's inquiry concluded that on the basis of all available evidence, the attack on the Liberty was "done without malice and was an innocent mistake."

MISTAKES ARE common in war. Indeed, just the day before the attack on the Liberty, Israeli aircraft had bombed an Israeli armoured column south of the West Bank town of Jenin. On November 3, 1956, Israeli war planes mistakenly attacked a British ship (Britain and France were allies of Israel in the Sinai campaign) in the Red Sea. In the June 1982 war in Lebanon, more than 20 Israeli servicemen were killed by Israeli Phantom jets in the



The attack on the Liberty

HIRSH GOODMAN and ZE'EV SCHIFF reveal the 'tattoo of errors' which led to the Israeli attack on a U.S. intelligence ship during the Six Day War.

eastern sector when their tanks were mistakenly identified as Syrian. During the battle in Grenada, American jets mistakenly bombed a mental hospital. Such tragic accidents have happened to every army in the history of modern war.

But many reasonable people have not been able to accept Israel's attack on the Liberty as such an accident. The Liberty's dead have long been buried, and Israel has paid compensation to the bereaved families and the injured; but the Liberty's ghost will, somehow, not be given

up. Bumper stickers on cars and trucks in the U.S. still proclaim, "Remember the Liberty." And on the 17th anniversary of the Liberty incident, *The New York Times* carried an advertisement, sponsored by America First, Inc., that read: "In memory of USS Liberty. On this day: June 8, 1967, 34 American sailors killed, 171 wounded, in a deliberate attack by Israeli jets and torpedo boats." Plainly, some groups, believed by Israeli intelligence to be funded by the Arabs, want to keep the issue alive. Stephen Green's *Taking Sides*,

published earlier this year, and similar books continue to propagate the theory, presented as truth, that the Liberty was attacked because the Israelis feared she would hamper their military goals.

Some variations on the theme have been fantastic in their inventiveness. For example, a 1976 article published in *Penthouse* claims that the Israelis, worried that the Liberty would intercept an Israeli electronic-intelligence effort to "manipulate" phone conversations between Egypt's President Nasser and Jordan's King Hussein, decided to destroy the ship. Israeli intelligence, the article claims, had plugged into a telephone line connecting Nasser to Hussein and was distorting the Egyptian president's conversations with Hussein so as to give the impression that the war was going well for the Egyptians.

THE DECISION to dispatch the Liberty — officially described by the U.S. Navy as a technical research ship, but known to one and all to be a spy ship — from off the west coast of Africa to the Mediterranean was controversial from the start. Against a backdrop of rising tension in the Middle East, the Defence Department, wanting intelligence in the imminent war, ordered the Liberty to leave Abidjan, in the Ivory Coast, in late May of 1967 for Rota in Spain.

After taking on supplies, three marines, two Navy petty officers (both were killed in the attack), and three civilian specialists in the Russian language, the ship was to proceed to the eastern shore of the Mediterranean. The crew was ordered to hold a course that would bring the ship to within 13 miles of the Sinai peninsula, where Israeli and Egyptian forces were expected to be soon locked in battle.

The decision was taken against the opposition of Francis A. Raven, a senior official in the National Security Agency, who argued that the Liberty would be defenceless and vulnerable so close to a potential war arena.

Raven was not alone. According to James M. Ennes, Jr., who was an officer assigned to cryptologic duties on board the Liberty: "From the beginning there was great fear among the crew that these orders were unwise, that tempers were too hot to permit a lightly armed, neutral intelligence vessel to patrol casually within sight of what could very soon develop into full-scale war. Officers tried to reassure the chiefs, chiefs tried to reassure the men, and we all tried to reassure each other, but everyone was uneasy about this assignment."

The ship's captain, Commander William L. McGonagle, was also uneasy about the assignment. Like the other officers on board, he was convinced that if war broke out, either the ship's orders should be changed or an armed escort should be provided.

When war did break out, on June 5, and neither a change in orders nor an escort materialized, McGonagle drafted an appeal to Vice-Admiral William Inman Martin, the commander of the U.S. Sixth Fleet, who had assumed operational control of the Liberty when the ship entered the Mediterranean, that a destroyer be sent to within five miles of the Liberty to provide protection and to act as an auxiliary communications centre. Martin denied the request on June 6. From then on, a tattoo of errors, both American and Israeli, commenced to guide the ship toward catastrophe.

FOR THREE DAYS, from June 6 to June 8, messages to and from the

Liberty disappeared into a communications labyrinth. One of the world's most sophisticated communications vessels was not able to communicate with those responsible for her operation and safety. A message from Vice-Admiral Martin ordering the Liberty to "maintain a high state of vigilance against attack or threat of attack" and to "report by flash precedence any threatening or suspicious actions" never arrived. Neither did a crucial message sent by the Joint Chiefs of Staff, at the request of the Defence Department, which directed the ship to remain at least 20 miles off the Egyptian coast.

"The message [did not] leave the JCS communications centre for 14 hours," according to Ennes. "When it was finally transmitted, it was sent in error to the Naval Communication Station in the Philippines."

Finally, a message from the Joint Chiefs of Staff, telephoned at 2 a.m. (ship's time) on the morning of June 8 — exactly 12 hours before the vessel was attacked — which ordered the Liberty to steam at least 100 miles from the coast, was lost as well. It was delayed for four hours by a duty officer at the London headquarters of Admiral John S. McCain, Jr., the commander in chief of U.S. naval forces in Europe. Another copy passed from the Joint Chiefs to the armed forces headquarters in Europe, again to Admiral McCain's office, on to Vice-Admiral Martin, and from there into oblivion.

Had the message of June 8 from Vice-Admiral Martin to the Liberty, ordering the ship "not [to] approach coast of UAR, Israel, Syria or Lebanon closer than 100 miles, and Cyprus no closer than 25 miles," been received, the tragedy could have been averted.

It could also have been averted if fatal mistakes were not being made at the same time by an overworked Israeli general staff.

JUST 13 DAYS after the Liberty sailed from Norfolk for the African coast, on May 2, 1967, Egypt's Colonel Gamal Abdel Nasser started moving huge forces across the Suez Canal into Sinai.

On May 23, Nasser blockaded the Strait of Tiran, a route essential for all Israeli maritime traffic — including vital oil supplies from the Persian Gulf — from the Far East and Africa to the port of Eilat. A few days before, Nasser had also ordered the withdrawal of the UN forces that had been serving as a buffer in Sinai since the 1956 Arab-Israeli war.

A decision by the Syrians to declare a state of alert on the Golan Heights served to increase tension. King Hussein, who apparently could not afford to remain out of a concerted pan-Arab attempt to deal a deathblow to Israel, started mobilizing his forces. Even the Iraqis joined the fray, moving substantial forces towards Israel's northern border.

Israel, meanwhile, was being deserted by its friends. France, its closest ally and largest supplier of weapons, decided to cool relations and declared a partial embargo on weapons sales to Israel. America extended sympathy, but little else. Israel felt beleaguered. The pressures on its general staff were severe. The chief of staff, Yitzhak Rabin, later to be prime minister, broke down under the strain and had to be replaced for 24 hours.

It was clear to the Israeli military that to achieve victory against the numerically superior combined Arab armies, Israel would have to resort to a pre-emptive strike making (Continued on page 4)

KEEP ISRAEL BEAUTIFUL!

(Continued from page 3)

ing maximum use of its air power.

Israel's major problem, however, was the defence of its long maritime border and of the Mediterranean ports that were its only link with the outside world. Israel's navy was the weakest link in the country's defences. Whereas the Egyptian navy was equipped with Soviet Osa- and Komar-class missile boats, the Israelis had only one operational submarine, three World War II destroyers, and five operational torpedo boats deployed in the Mediterranean.

More than 90 per cent of Israel's population and industrial infrastructure lies along the Mediterranean coast. The general staff was convinced that the Egyptians would use these not only to cut off Israel's lines of supply but also to shell Israeli cities. The navy was consequently ordered to focus its attention on coastal defences.

It was into this zone of fear that the Liberty sailed, undefended, on June 8, 1967 - patrolling 13 miles off the coast of Sinai, its presence unknown to the protagonists.

On June 5, Yitzhak Rabin informed Commander Castle, in Tel Aviv, that "Israel intends to defend its shores from attack by the Egyptians. This will be done by combining our air and naval forces." The quotation, taken from Rabin's autobiography, continues:

"If threatened we will not be able to deny our response. We request therefore that the United States either withdraw all its vessels from our shores, or inform us of the exact location of all vessels close to our shores."

Rabin's warning could have been prompted by a report, received earlier that day, that two Soviet intelligence-gathering vessels had been detected off Israel's northern coast. Both ships stayed well clear of Israeli territorial waters. Nonetheless, their presence caused a great deal of consternation in the Israeli military.

AT FIVE A.M. on June 7 - the day before the attack on the Liberty - Israeli naval intelligence reported sighting three Egyptian submarines off the Israeli coast. The commander of the navy, Aluf Shlomo Erel, ordered Israel's three destroyers out to locate them. At 5.37 a.m., a periscope was sighted off the coast of Tel Aviv, and at 6.50 p.m. another periscope was reported seen outside the port of Ashdod.

Adding to the general tension was a feeling of failure among the naval command: that morning, members of an elite frogman commando unit had been captured by the Egyptians in Alexandria after having managed to sink several boats. The capture of the frogmen was a severe loss to the navy.

Thus June 7, the third day of the war, found the Israeli naval command frustrated and fearful, under-equipped to defend Israel's shores, and dependent on the air force and human observation for long-range early warning.

June 8 began early for the Israeli navy. According to the war log, from which many details of this account have been taken, an air force Nord aircraft took off from an unnamed airfield at 4.00 a.m. with a navy spotter on board. Its mission was to patrol Israel's shores to ensure that no enemy vessels had penetrated Israeli waters during the night. The use of the aircraft and a human spotter for early warning was necessary because of Israel's limited radar capability at the time.

At 5.45 the duty officer in the navy war room was informed by radio that the Nord had sighted a

ship some seventy miles west of Gaza. The spotter aboard the aircraft said he thought the ship was a destroyer. The duty officer immediately ordered a red marker placed on the battle-control table in the navy's war room. Red was the colour used to designate an unidentified target.

At 6.03 the spotter aboard the Nord filed a supplementary report in which he identified the ship as "an American naval supply vessel." Though the ship had now been positively identified as American, and therefore neutral, no move was made to change the ship's designation on the control table from red to green - the colour used to designate a neutral target.

In the evidence he presented to the official IDF Commission of Inquiry, the duty officer responsible for updating the battle-control table testified that he had refrained from changing the colour code because "identification had been vague and uncertain."

FROM 6.00 A.M. TO 9.00 A.M. the Liberty was almost forgotten. The navy's attention was diverted to a suspected enemy-submarine penetration west of the town of Atlit, where a huge oil slick had been sighted. At 8.05 the navy dispatched the destroyer MV Haifa to the area. The Haifa detonated five depth charges at 9.02, but with no success.

While the hunt for the submarine was on, Aluf Erel entered the underground war room to take personal command of the situation. As he familiarized himself with the battle-control board, he questioned the duty officer about the red marker west of the Sinai coast. Told that the marker designated an American supply ship, he ordered it changed to green. Erel then concentrated his attention on the pursuit of the submarine.

At 9.29 five more depth charges were detonated off the Atlit coast (apparently with some success: the Haifa's crew reported air bubbles and oil rising to the surface). At the same time, the war room received a cable saying that an Israeli pilot reported being shot at by an "unidentified ship off the Sinai coast." Questioned after landing, the pilot said that he had not been fired on, but that he had seen a ship, which he described as being "grey, wider than usual, and with a bridge in the middle." The information was filed and forgotten.

Shortly before 10.00 a.m. the Nord aircraft returned to base. During debriefing the navy spotter reported that he had clearly seen GTR-5 on the side of the vessel he had sighted. The spotter's information was passed on to a Ray-Seren Pinhasi at the naval-operations room at Naval Headquarters, who, after consulting *Jane's Fighting Ships*, identified the ship as the Liberty, an American intelligence-gathering vessel. Pinhasi's findings were double-checked by naval intelligence officers, who reported back to the operations centre that the GTR-5 was an American intelligence vessel named the Liberty.

This correct information, however, came too late. At 11.00 a.m. duty commanders in the navy war room changed shifts: Sgan Aluf Erel (his name remains classified), who took over temporary command, made a decision that proved fatal for the Liberty: he ordered the green marker designating its position removed from the battle-control table as unutilized as possible," he explained later.

Though consistent with standard naval operating procedure - where

by officers were under instruction to keep the battle-control table as simple as possible - Erel's decision wiped out all reference to the presence of the Liberty off the Sinai coast. From 11.05 that morning the Liberty was no longer a known quantity for those operationally responsible for conducting the fast-moving three-front war from their underground bunker.

Nineteen minutes later, the Liberty was rediscovered, this time under tragic circumstances.

At 11.24 the air force reported to Aluf Mishne Issy Rahav, naval chief of operations, that the Sinai coastal city of El Arish, captured by Israeli forces the day before, was being shelled from the sea. Hardly had Rahav given instructions to recheck the information when, at 11.27, a second, independent, report came in, this time from Southern Command headquarters, that El-Arish was being bombarded. The report added that the shells were falling short of the shoreline.

Explosions and smoke from El-Arish were also noticed by the Liberty's crew. In his book, *Assault on the Liberty*, Ennes, who was duty officer on the bridge that morning, reports that a few minutes after the Liberty had executed a right turn to a new course 238 degrees, at 11.30 a.m., "a huge explosion rocked the town of El-Arish."



AFTER THE WAR, it was discovered that El-Arish had not been shelled at all, but that an Egyptian ammunition depot had exploded. On the morning of June 8, however, the IDF general command assumed that the city was under attack from the sea.

This assumption was the second error sealing the Liberty's fate. In response to the presumed attack, Aluf Mishne Rahav, at 12.05 p.m., ordered three torpedo boats from the 914 Squadron to depart the port of Ashdod and proceed in the general direction of El Arish. At 12.15 p.m. the captain of the flagship, Sgan Aluf Moshe Oren, was ordered to sail to a point 20 miles north of El Arish and patrol the area. At 1.07 he was informed that upon sighting the target he was to call for an immediate air strike.

At 1.41 Segen Mishne Aharon Yfrach, the radar operator aboard T-204, the flagship, reported that he had picked up a "target" on his scope, and that the ship was 20 nautical miles northwest of El-Arish, 14 miles off the Bardawil shore, and moving west at a speed of 30 knots.

The target's speed was a crucial factor in determining whether or not it was a ship of war. Standard operating procedure for the Israeli navy in 1967 decreed that any ship moving faster than 20 knots in a battle arena was to be presumed hostile. A second radar check was ordered. Now the target's speed was given at 28 knots.

This was the third Israeli mistake. Both radar readings were incorrect

but these speeds were sent back by T-204 to naval headquarters, and both were registered in the command's log book.

When asked during the official hearings to explain this discrepancy, Yfrach said that "the mistake could have been caused by what is known as 'radar jump,' or by an erroneous reading by the radar operator, or by a combination of any of these three factors." Aluf Erel, in his evidence, said that it was not unknown for the radars of torpedo boats to be "inaccurate."

At the time, however, the information reaching headquarters from T-204 led Aluf Mishne Rahav to two conclusions: that the target in question was a warship, and that it was sailing on an evasive course in the direction of Port Said, at the mouth of the Suez Canal.

At 1.45 p.m. Rahav decided to order an attack on the ship. Since the three torpedo boats that he had at his disposal were still 20 nautical miles away from the target, and since they could develop a maximum speed of only 28 knots - the same as the target - he called for an air strike.

Rahav's request reached Air Force Command at 1.48. The senior air force battle controller, Sgan Aluf Shmuel Kiselev, ordered two Mirage III C fighters, on their way back to Israel from an air patrol over the Suez Canal, to be diverted to the target. The Mirages reached the target a few seconds before 2.00 p.m. The lead plane dropped to an altitude of 3,000 feet and circled the target twice. The second aircraft circled the target only once. On the second turn the lead pilot reported back to air force headquarters that the ship was not Israeli; it was painted battle-grey and had two cannons in the forecastle, a mast in the front, and one funnel.

Aluf Mordechai Hod, the commander of the Israeli air force, who was in direct contact with the pilot, asked if any flag was visible. The pilot reported back, "I see no flag or other signs of identification." (The question of whether or not the Liberty was flying a flag remains a major point of contention. The point, however, is moot: the pilot's report left those assessing the target's status with the impression that no flag was being flown - a key factor in their decision that the ship was hostile.)

Seconds after this radio exchange the order to attack was given. By 2.06 the two pilots had each strafed the Liberty four times. The pilots reported that they had scored "good hits" and that a fire had broken out on the "left-hand side of the ship."

WHILE THE ATTACK by the Mirages was still in progress, Air Force Command ordered two more aircraft diverted to the Liberty, this time Super-Mystère jets en route to a bombing mission over the Mitla pass, in central Sinai. They arrived on the scene just as the second Mirage was completing its last strafing run. Though the Super-Mystères were armed with napalm bombs, which are not suitable for attacking targets at sea, it was decided to use the aircraft anyway. The planes made two bombing runs each, but only one bomb hit the ship.

There was no return fire from the Liberty. This lack of response puzzled the lead pilot, who did another sloop around the burning ship and noticed that P-30, or what he thought to be P-30, was painted on the hull. Still puzzled, he dropped to 90 feet above the waterline and completed a second sloop around the vessel. This time he reported seeing CTR-5 on the hull. "The ship's identification is Charlie."

Tango-Romeo-five. I see no flag," he said.

The pilot was told to report on damage and leave the target area. He radioed back that the ship was covered with heavy smoke, that the upper deck was badly damaged, and that he thought he could see men jumping into the water. At 2.16 the air-force controller in the central-operations room dispatched two helicopters to the area to pick up survivors.

At 2.18 the commander of the torpedo-boat squadron ordered his crew to prepare for an attack. Two minutes later, the naval-operations room ordered him to hold off "pending further clarification." The delay was ordered by naval headquarters after it received the news that the ship under attack had the identification markings CTR-5 on its hull. Obviously, doubt had arisen as to the true identity of the vessel.

Though they held their fire, the three torpedo boats continued to speed toward the target. By 2.24 they could see the burning ship. Thick, acrid smoke enveloped the entire vessel, except for the hull and part of the bridge - but even this limited view convinced Sgan Aluf Oren that the ship was not a destroyer.

"I understood then," Oren subsequently told the Commission of Inquiry, "that it could only have been an Egyptian naval supply ship, or perhaps even a merchant vessel." At 2.27 p.m. Oren ordered the signalman aboard T-204 to flash the message "What ship?" to the stricken vessel.

The Liberty replied, "AA," meaning "Identify yourselves first."

THE LIBERTY'S CAPTAIN could not have chosen a more unfortunate answer. Eleven years before, during the Sinai campaign, exactly the same exchange had taken place between an Israeli destroyer, the MV Yaffo and an Egyptian ship, the Ibrahim-el Awal. Oren, who was a young officer on the Yaffo's bridge at the time, remembered the incident well. If he still had any doubts that the burning vessel ahead of him was Egyptian, they were now dispelled.

While he was deciding whether to attack, a burst of machine-gun fire erupted from the ship's forecastle. That shots were fired has been confirmed by American seamen aboard the Liberty. It seems that one of the crew, Seaman Apprentice Dale Larkins, did not hear Captain McGonagle's "hold-fire" order, issued minutes before, and fired several volleys in the direction of the torpedo boats until he was told to stop.

Oren still hesitated. He consulted the Israeli navy's book identifying the ships of the Arab navies, and concluded that the ship in question was the Egyptian supply-vessel El-Quseir. An independent check by the captain of one of the other torpedo boats came up with the same identification.

The court later questioned both officers at length on the contradiction between their conclusion that the ship was a supply vessel and the report that the vessel was doing "28 or 30 knots" at the time it was detected. Oren replied that he had assumed that the ship was a straggler, left behind by a larger Egyptian force that may have been in the area. The radar reading could have pertained to one of the other ships, he said.

At 2.37 Sgan Aluf Oren gave the order to attack the Liberty: Covering their advance with rapid cannon fire, the three torpedo boats sped toward the target. At 2.43, T-206 fired off the first torpedo, from

1,000 yards, and followed up with another, from 550 yards. At 2.44, T-203 fired two torpedoes from 2,000 yards: one went wide, the second hit the right side of the ship, just below the waterline. A fifth torpedo was fired by T-204, but it went way off course and was lost to sight.

Oren followed up the first attack with a second - this time from the Liberty's left side, his goal being to sink the ship. While T-204 was crossing the ship's bow, however, one of the young officers aboard noticed the letters GTR on the hull of the ship. Oren immediately issued a hold-fire order and transmitted the information to Naval Headquarters. The time was 2.47.

Oren was ordered "to pick up survivors and to finally and positively establish the ship's identity." At 2.51 he radioed back to headquarters that "the ship could be Russian because of the letters on its hull."

THE NEWS hit the IDF general staff like a thunderbolt. Rabin called an emergency meeting of his advisers to discuss the possibility of a large-scale Soviet military intervention on behalf of the Arabs, now that one of the Soviet Union's ships had been attacked.

It was only at 3.20 p.m. - a full half-hour later - that Oren, who had in the meantime looked the ship over closely, recontacted naval headquarters and said that he had been mistaken: the ship was not Russian but American.

At 3.30 the news was conveyed to Commander Castle in Tel Aviv. Meanwhile, the two Israeli helicopters arrived on the scene, but after circling the ship for 20 minutes and finding no men overboard they returned to base.

At 4.02 two tugs were readied for departure from Ashdod in case they were needed to tow the ship in. At the same time, Aluf Erel ordered Oren to use his bullhorn to try and make contact with the American vessel and offer help. Under no circumstances, he was told, should he try to board the ship.

At 4.40 Israel's offer of help was rejected.

At 5.04 the three torpedo boats were ordered to return to base. They turned due northeast, in the direction of Ashdod, and at 5.50 the Liberty disappeared from their radarscopes.

There was one more attempt to make contact with the ship. At 6.15 p.m. Commander Castle was flown

to the area in an Israeli helicopter. He was able to do nothing other than circle the ship and throw down to the survivors on the burning deck a message packet containing his calling card, with a hastily scrawled message on the back: "Have you casualties?" There was no reply. Crippled, the Liberty then sailed for Malta.

ON JUNE 12, 1967 - five days after the attack - the Israeli chief of staff appointed a special commission of inquiry into the incident. It was headed by Aluf Mishne Ram Ron, who later became a member of the Knesset.

On Ron's recommendation, the IDF's advocate-general Aluf-Mishne Meir Shamgar, today the president of the Supreme Court, decided that "due to the importance of the issue in question and the seriousness of its repercussions" an investigative judge should be appointed to reconsider the evidence. On June 21 Sgan Aluf Justice Yeshayahu Yerushalmi was named to head a judicial investigation into the affair.

Yerushalmi heard 34 witnesses over a period of one month. While the hearings were still in progress he

issued an interim judgment that Sgan Aluf "L" - the officer who had ordered that the green marker be taken off the battle-control board - could be charged with negligence. But in his final judgement, rendered on July 21, 1967, Yerushalmi found no grounds for the prosecution of any of the officers or men involved. Yerushalmi's decision was confirmed by Advocate-General Shamgar on July 24, after the latter completed a comprehensive review of the evidence placed before the court of inquiry.

BOTH Ron and Yerushalmi found that "the attack on the ship was not conducted out of malice, nor independently in summing up and passing judgement was there any evidence of criminal negligence. It was a genuine mistake."

Yerushalmi isolated the five crucial factors that he believed led to the mistake: the report that El-Arish was being shelled from the sea; the report that the Liberty was moving at 30 knots per hour; the report from the Mirage pilots that it was a ship of war; the identification of the Liberty as the El-Quseir; the ship's inexplicable closeness to hostile shores in a time of war.

On June 10, 1967, in a formal apology, the government of Israel undertook to pay compensation to the families of the men killed and to the men wounded in the attack. A year later Israel paid out a total of \$3,323,000 to the families of the 34 servicemen killed, and in April of 1969 it paid another \$3,566,547 to the wounded.

However, Israel refused to pay the \$7,644,116 demanded by the U.S. government, on July 1, 1968, for repairs to the vessel. The reason given by the Israeli government at the time was that Israel did not accept the contention that it alone was responsible for the circumstances leading to the attack.

The question of damages has bounced back and forth over the years with no results. Finally, in January of 1980, Israel agreed to negotiate a settlement, but none has been negotiated to this day.

To this day, as well, the wounds have not healed. The issue resurfaces periodically, and with it the pain.

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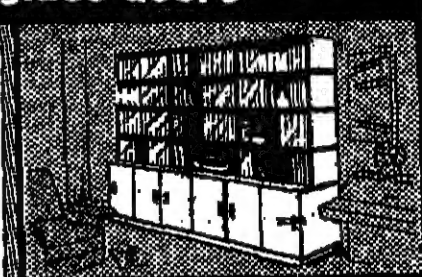


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THE EARLY elections and the ensuing coalition negotiations have breathed new life into the "Who is a Jew" issue, which early this year was dying a slow death.

In their talks with the Alignment and the Likud, the religious parties are once again raising the subject which, it has been suggested, might more precisely be referred to as "Who is a convert?"

Avraham Shapira says that Agudat Yisrael will not be able to join a coalition unless it is promised the legislation it seeks on Who is a Jew and on archeological digs.

Avner Sclayk says that the National Religious Party will not settle for Labour's offer that Shimon Peres announce in the Knesset that conversion is a halachic concept.

And the top man on the Shas (Sephardi Torah Guardians) list, Rabbi Yitzhak Peretz, has told interviewers: "On this matter I shall not yield!"

Even if the next prime minister gives one or more of the religious parties the undertaking they are demanding, there is every reason to believe that this paragraph in the coalition agreement will remain a dead letter.

Not so much because Peres or Yitzhak Shamir will renege, but because, on the implementation of this paragraph, the NRP and Agudat Yisrael can be expected to be as ambivalent in the future as they have been in the past. And Shas will undoubtedly follow suit.

IT IS NOT exactly news that NRP can live with the present formula in the Law of Return and the Population Registry Law - which recognizes as a Jew "one who has converted," but does not add the phrase "according to Halacha."

Were it not for the pressure from the religious right, the NRP would have dropped this issue long ago; and even so it only goes through the motions. The prime pressure-wielder is the Lubavitcher Rebbe, the leader of the Habad Hasidim, whose "court" is located in Brooklyn.

In February 1972, Dr. Zerah Warhaftig, then minister of religious affairs, responded to this pressure by writing to the Lubavitcher that the existing law was adequate and that no change was needed (see box).

It made sense, then, five months later, for the NRP to abstain on an Aguda bill to amend the Law of Return. (Sclayk bucked coalition discipline and voted for the bill, which cost him his post as deputy minister of education.)

In early 1974, when Golda Meir was trying to put a new coalition together, Zevulun Hammer and Yehuda Ben-Meir waved the Who is a Jew flag in order to keep the NRP from joining the Labour government. What they were really after was a pledge by Labour not to relinquish Judea and Samaria.

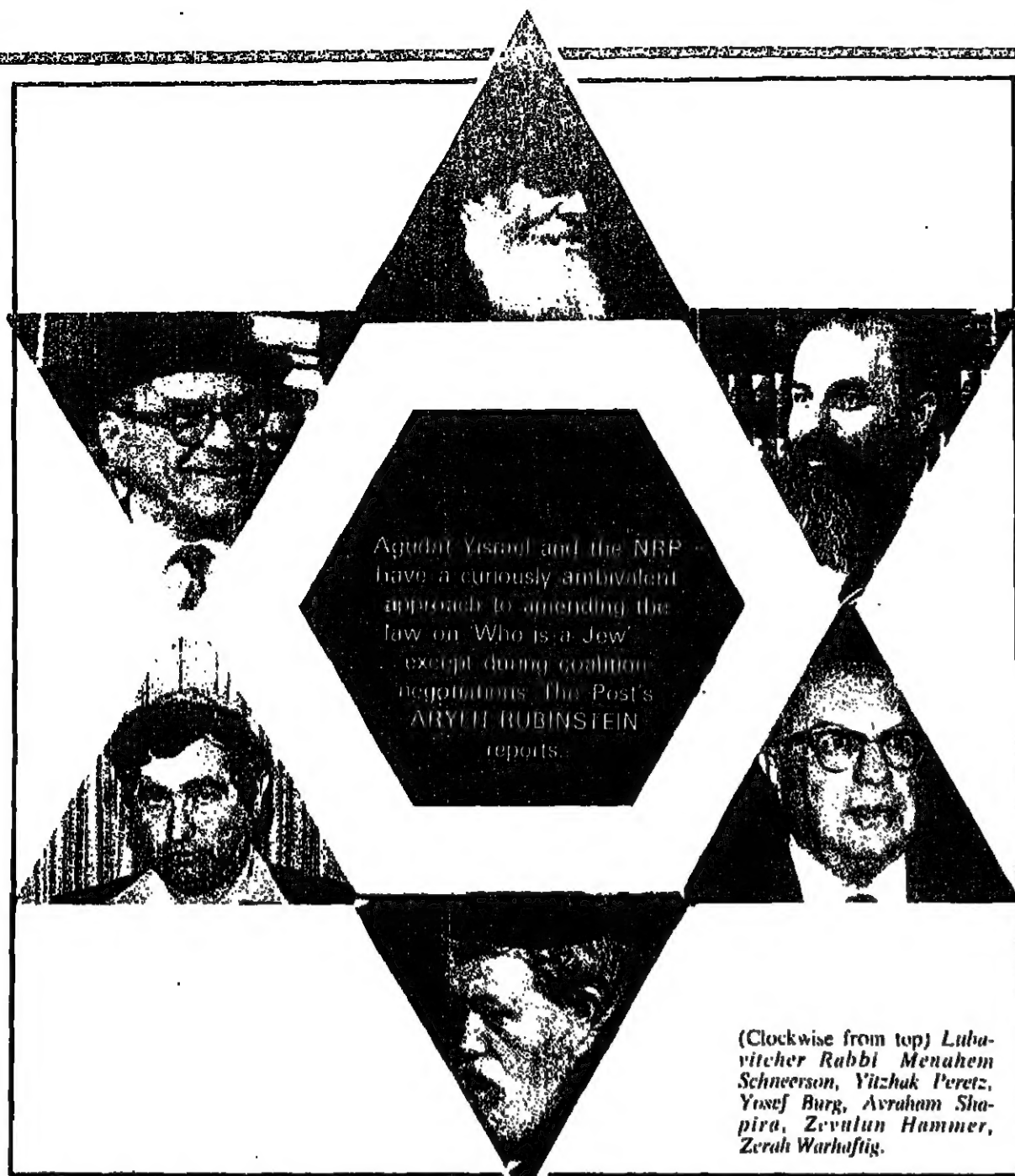
Despite a negative ruling by the Supreme Rabbinical Council, headed by Rabbi Shlomo Goren, in response to a query by NRP leaders, the NRP did eventually join Mrs. Meir's government on the basis of the three-point compromise that Haim Zadok has now revived:

□ The prime minister would announce in the Knesset that conversion is a halachic concept;

□ a cabinet committee would be set up to draft proposals for amending the Law of Return;

□ and meanwhile the Interior Ministry would continue its practice of "not registering any non-Jew as Jewish."

In July 1978, when Rabbi Kalman Kahane, of Poalei Agudat Yisrael presented a bill to amend the Law of Return, Burg replied in his capacity



Agudat Yisrael and the NRP have a curiously ambivalent approach to amending the law on 'Who is a Jew' except during coalition negotiations. The Post's ARYEH RUBINSTEIN reports.

(Clockwise from top) Lubavitcher Rabbi Menachem Schneerson, Yitzhak Peretz, Yosef Burg, Avraham Shapira, Zevulun Hammer, Zerah Warhaftig.

THE POLITICS OF CONVERSION

of interior minister. Agreeing that it be referred to the Law Committee, he said that, while he would like to see it pass, it really wasn't vital. He pointed out that the entries in a person's identity card as to his nationality and marital status are not, legally, even *prima facie* evidence.

MAYBE the NRP has been ambivalent, some readers may be thinking, but surely the Aguda MKs have pressed vigorously for action. If they failed to achieve their goal in the past seven years, isn't it the fault of Liberals like Sara Doron and Dror Zeigerman?

(1) No, they haven't. (2) No, it isn't.

That's the answer of Dr. Moshe Samet, senior lecturer in Sociology and Jewish History at the Hebrew University, in a 49-page, as yet unpublished monograph that traces the development of the Who is a Jew question since 1958.

Samet's doctoral dissertation was on the emergence of Orthodox Judaism in the modern period, and Orthodoxy is his area of special competence. (He defines his own brand of Judaism as "Conservative.")

The two years he spent in New York as Consul of Israel for Jewish Affairs enabled him to observe the Who is a Jew controversy from that vantage point.

His study shows that, from the

beginning of the Ninth Knesset to the end of the Tenth, there was an internal dispute, both in Agudat Yisrael's Knesset faction and in its Council of Sages, over the importance of being attached to Who is a Convert.

The Admor of Gur pressed the faction members to give this high priority, occasionally suggesting to Avraham Shapira, that the faction threaten to holt the coalition over this.

On the other side was the leader of the Lithuanian-Mitnagdim wing of the Council of Sages, Rabbi Eliezer Schach, the octogenarian head of the Ponievsh yeshiva in Bnei Brak. He regards the Lubavitcher's raucous and belligerent campaign to amend the law as basically an ego trip for the Habad leader, and he sees no reason why the Aguda should help him.

This explains the indifference to the amendment evinced by his two representatives in the Knesset, Shlomo Lorincz and Menachem Porush.

But even Shapira's handling of the question has not always reflected a strong determination to achieve Aguda's declared goal.

THE HABAD hasidim comprise the only group that regards Who is a Convert as a cardinal issue. As far back as 1972 they organized a special lobby - the Committee for the Integrity of the Jewish People - to pester the press, the prime minister,

the religious Knesset factions, the Chief Rabbinate, the Interior Ministry, and Orthodox organizations abroad. In Israel its main target has been Agudat Yisrael.

Habad has not limited its pressure to the written and spoken word, but goes in for tactics like demonstrating outside the homes of Aguda and National Religious Party MKs.

In the U.S. it is even more belligerent. When Religious Affairs Minister Yitzhak Raphael visited there in late 1974 in an effort to reach a *modus vivendi* between the different trends in Judaism on Who is a Jew, the behaviour of Habad hasidim towards him bordered on violence.

A year before that, David Rivlin, Israel's consul-general in New York, found it necessary to complain to the Foreign Ministry in Jerusalem about Habad's "systematic poisoning of the *haredi* street against the Israel government, the Chief Rabbinate, and religious Zionism."

Samet writes that logically the Aguda should have been immune to the Habad pressure, since in the U.S. the two groups are in a state of war. But the shifting balance of forces within the Israel Aguda, with the mitnagdim threatening to overpower the hasidim, led Gur to change course.

Particularly galling to the hasidim was a growing trend among graduates of Bais Yacov. Aguda's network of schools for girls, to reject matches with hasidim in favour of

students of the Lithuanian yeshivot.

The latter had a more modern appearance and a more sophisticated education. He showed more respect for his wife and took a greater interest in family affairs than the typical hasid. These traits made him a more desirable husband, even though the ideal of learning in a kollel kept him from being a good provider.

It was clearly a time for the hasidim to close ranks, and in September 1978 the Admor of Gur travelled to Brooklyn to pay his respects to the Lubavitcher.

Thereafter, he acted as the Lubavitcher's agent in Israel on Who is a Convert, and this - Samet wrote last February - intensified other points of contention between the party's two wings and could well destroy it.

ALTHOUGH AGUDA'S election platform in 1977 declared that the party would "not rest" until the Law of Return was amended, the paragraph on this subject in the coalition agreement was not framed in the categorical language of the paragraphs on abortions, army service for girls, and autopsies.

In this case there would be no government bill but a private member's bill to be submitted by coalition members. And the prime minister "shall make every effort to gain a parliamentary majority" for it "within a reasonable time."

The softness on Who is a Convert reflected in that formulation was compounded a few months later when the Aguda granted the prime minister another year in which to carry out his promise. In return, the cabinet undertook to take up immediately the questions of autopsies and Sabbath work permits.

Interviewed in *Ma'ariv* on July 14, 1978, an anonymous Aguda spokesman was asked about the conversion question. "That's something only Habad is interested in," he replied.

Fuming, the Committee on the Integrity of the Jewish People called a press conference and denounced Aguda for its contemptuous attitude. They were not placated by Porush's explanation that the remark had been made by a minor functionary who did not represent the party's line.

Over a year later, Naftali Kraus, a *Ma'ariv* staff member and a Habadnik, revealed in the New York Hebrew-language weekly *Yisrael Shelanu* (October 19, 1979) that the minor *askan* was none other than Porush himself.

Later on, both Lorincz and Porush began to reveal openly their lack of enthusiasm for the whole subject.

Lorincz, in a radio programme in October 1980, said: "All our demands have been met, except for a few minor, unimportant ones." *Ma'ariv* a month later quoted Porush: "Agudat Yisrael has no further demands on the government."

THE TENTH KNESSET elections put the Aguda in a key position: without its four votes the Likud could not form a coalition. This gave the conversion lobby new hope, but the issue by now had become an integral part of the Aguda's internal power struggle.

So it was hardly a surprise when Rabbi Schach vetoed the proposal of the Rebbe of Gur to make the Who is a Convert amendment an absolute condition for Aguda joining the new government.

Schach had some sharp words for "the meshugga who sits in New York and is driving the whole world crazy." The remark was leaked to *Davar*, and it inflamed the hasidic world, despite Lorincz's protestation that he had sat through the

whole session "and the name of the Rebbe of Lubavitch was never mentioned."

An added consideration for Schach's action, Samet says, may have been the pressure then exerted by the Aguda in the U.S., which argued that passage of the amendment would jeopardize the financial support being given - strangely enough - to *haredi* circles in the U.S. by members of the Conservative and Reform movements.

The unimplemented Who is a Convert paragraph in the 1977 coalition agreement was copied in that of 1981. But to satisfy the Rebbe of Gur, a codicil was attached, stipulating that the amendment would be presented to the Knesset not later than the beginning of February 1982.

Shapira on a number of occasions referred to that deadline, but Lorincz commented, "Not with a stop-watch in the hand." The remark gave rise to a new wave of attacks in Habad organs.

When February came, the Aguda was more concerned about stopping El Al flights on the Sabbath, and Begin had the evacuation of Yomit to worry about. Shapira said that the February target date was "not holy," but that did not necessarily reflect any change in his position.

In March, as the Knesset winter session drew to a close, Shapira resumed his pressure on the coalition by threatening that Aguda would vote against the budget for the new fiscal year. But Rabbi Schach told him to forget it. In July, Shapira planned to take the opposition by surprise, but Lorincz spoiled that by leaking it to the press.

Came the Fall, and Begin asked Shapira to put the amendment off until his (Begin's) return from the U.S., in order to spare him difficulties with non-Orthodox groups there. Shapira again yielded, and

Habad now added his name to their black list. An editorial in *Kfar Habad* headlined "An Abomination in Israel" lamented that Begin had now become Shapira's *posek* (halachic authority) instead of the Rebbe of Gur.

In November, Shmuel Halpern, the junior member of the Aguda faction who represents the Vizhnitz hasidim, planned a coup of his own when a number of opposition members were in Brazil with a Knesset delegation. Again Begin persuaded Shapira to put this off, this time on the grounds that the Zionist Congress was then meeting in Jerusalem.

Kfar Habad charged the prime minister with deception and quoted Rabbi Schach as having said: "Even if it is dangerous to leave the present Who is a Jew law as is, it will be a much greater danger to the Tora if the Admor of Lubavitch and Admor of Gur win a victory in this matter or in any other."

SCIIACH may well have said that. A group of Lubavitch hasidim had shortly before published a pamphlet in which their rebbe was referred to as "the King-Messiah," and which contained an article that tried to prove that this was indeed the case.

Circulation of the pamphlet was halted shortly after its appearance. At the orders of the rebbe himself, say his hasidim. But according to the mitnagdim the action was taken only after Rabbi Schach threatened to excommunicate the Lubavitcher if he did not dissociate himself from the pamphlet's contents.

Early in 1983, a long, unsigned article appeared in *Digleim*, the organ of the Lorincz-led Ze'irei Agudat Yisrael, sharply attacking Habad's "deviations" from the *haredi* mainstream. Denounced in particular was Habad's haughtiness and its demand that its rebbe be recog-

A letter to the Lubavitcher Rabbi

ON FEBRUARY 22, 1972, Dr. Zerah Warhaftig, in his capacity as minister of religious affairs, sent a six-page letter to the Lubavitcher Rebbe explaining why he thought it unwise to try to amend the Law of Return. Excerpts follow:

"For the first time, it is explicitly stated in the Law of Return that a Jew is only one who fits the definition of the Jewish Halacha, that is, who was born to a Jewish mother or was converted."

"Hence, today it is impossible to register non-Jews as Jews...and only a few days ago the Supreme Court rejected the petition of Shalit to have his third son registered as Jewish or Hebrew."

"This is a tremendous improvement, even though certain privileges are explicitly given also to certain non-Jews by the Law of Return. But these privileges are given to them as non-Jews and not as Jews, as was the case before the law was amended."

"One problem remains, and that mainly from the aspect of legal clarity, and that is the problem of conversion. The law does not say explicitly that conversion must be according to Halacha. But, in my opinion, the only reasonable interpretation of the concept of conversion is conversion according to Jewish Halacha."

"This stems from the very definition of a Jew in the law, which is a halachic definition. I think it is impossible to split the definition and say that while the first part is formulated according to Halacha, the second part, dealing with conversion, is not according to Halacha."

"Sooner or later the Supreme Court will be called to rule on this matter [but to date it has not been - A.R.] and much will depend on the circumstances of the particular case. So long as the amendment has no chance of adoption I think one should hesitate to draft such a bill, for its rejection by the Knesset could sway the judges to the view that even non-halachic conversion performed abroad constitutes conversion."

"So if the Supreme Court recognizes Reform conversion as capable of turning a non-Jew into a Jew, it will recognize such conversion even if the law explicitly states 'according to Halacha' or 'in accordance with Din Tora' or even 'in accordance with the Shulchan Aruch.'"

"Why not wait, then, until a test case is brought and the Supreme Court speaks its piece in the matter of conversion one way or the other? Why should we jump to the conclusion that the Supreme Court will adopt the distorted interpretation?"

"As to the instances in which non-Jews arriving from abroad were registered as Jews as a result of deception and imposture, these have been with us in all generations and in all times, and the law of the State of Israel cannot be blamed for them."

"Article 3 of the Population Registry Law, 1965, explicitly states that the information registered does not even constitute *prima facie* evidence with respect to the person's nationality, religion, marital status, or the name of his spouse."

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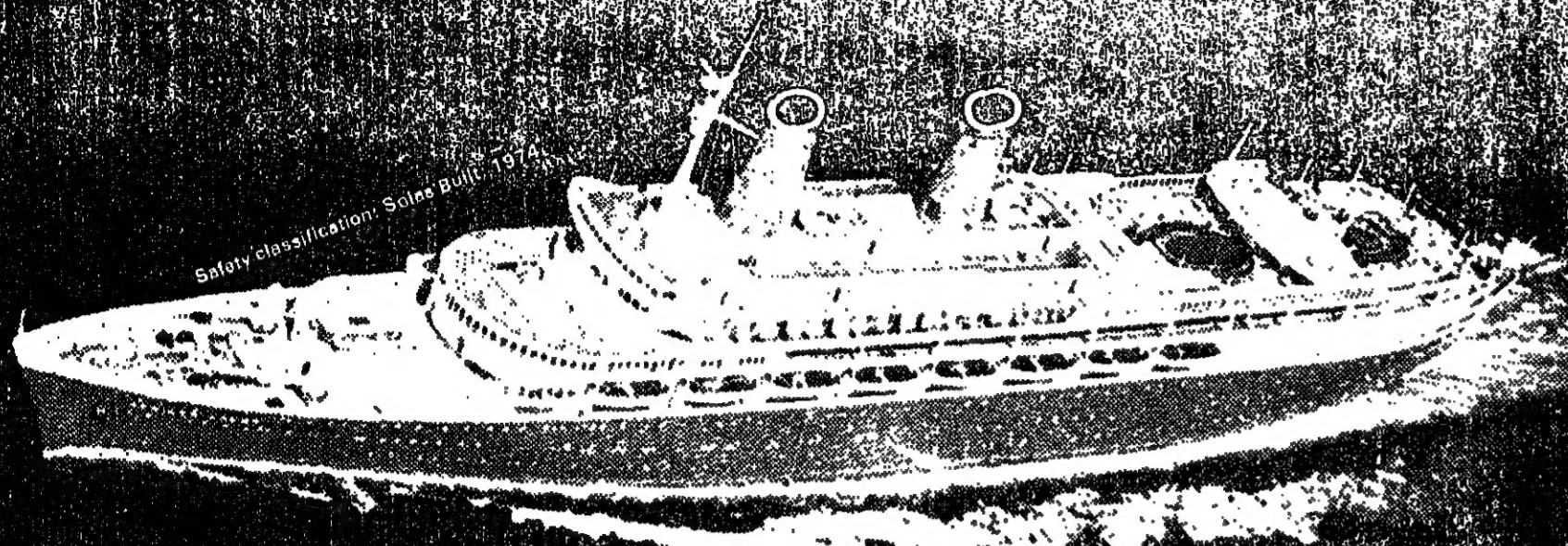
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Jerusalem

NOT NOW MY DARLING — Comedy (Jerusalem Theatre, Wednesday at 9.00 p.m.)

PASODUBLE — By Yehoshua Seligson (Jerusalem Theatre, Tuesday at 8.30 p.m.)

Tel Aviv area

ALL MY SONS EXCEPT NAOMI, or THE SHORES OF SWITZERLAND — Ben Levison production. A satire on Israeli society, (Beit Levison, tomorrow, Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday at 9.00 p.m. and at Nahmani, tomorrow at 9.00 p.m.)

NOT NOW MY DARLING — (Ramat Gan, Ordea tonight at 10.00 p.m.)

THE KREUTZER SONATA — By Tsvi Yehuda Levison production. A study of sex and jealousy. (Beit Levison, Upper Cellar, tonight at 10.00 p.m. and Wednesday at 9.30 p.m.)

TORCH SING TRIO — Fight of a Jewish-American homosexual to live his own life in his own way (Beit Levison, tonight, tomorrow, Monday and Tuesday at 9.00 p.m.)

Hulfa
"A JEWISH SOUL" — (Haifa Theatre, Wednesday)

ALL MY SONS EXCEPT NAOMI or THE SHORES OF SWITZERLAND — (Beit Levison, tonight at 10.00 p.m.)

Others

JOHNNY GOT HIS GUN — By Dalton Trumbo with Izak Wengarten (Kfar Aza, tonight at 10 p.m.)

NOT NOW MY DARLING — (Ramat Gan, Ordea tonight at 10.00 p.m.)

RABBI OF ZEFAT — Zefat English Theatre Co. with a 16th century production (Zefat, Wolfson Community Centre, tomorrow and Sunday at 9.00 p.m.)

ENTERTAINMENT

Jerusalem

ADVENTURES IN JAZZ — With well-known musicians. (Pargod, today at 1.30 p.m., Wednesday at 9.30 p.m.)

APPLES OF GOLD — Colour documentary film about the history and struggle of the Jewish people from the time of the early Zionist movement to the present. (Ramat Renaissance Hotel, Sunday at 9.30 p.m.)

BLACK VELVET — With Irish songs and melodies (Pargod, Tuesday at 9.30 p.m.)

THE BEST OF SHALOM ALEICHEM — Stories by the famous Yiddish writer, performed in English. (Hilton, tonight at 9.30 p.m., King David, tomorrow at 9.30 p.m.)

HARAV SHLOMO KARLEWACH — Jewish Soul and Hassidic music (Tzvi, Sunday at 8.00 p.m. and at Pargod Thursday at 9.30 p.m.)

JAZZ — Freddie Weisgal, piano; Eric Heller, bass; Sami Ghadone, trumpet. (American Colony Hotel, Nablus Rd., Thursday at 9 p.m.)

MUSICAL MELAYE MALKA — With new Diapora Yeshiva Band. (Mt. Zion Centre, tomorrow at 9.00 p.m.)

MUSICAL MELAYE MALKA — Hassidic rock

with Selah. (Israel Centre, 10 Strauss, tomorrow at 9.45 p.m.)

STORIES OF JERUSALEM — (Tzaviv, Wednesday at 8.30 p.m.)

Tel Aviv area

BEHIND THE SOUND — Matti Caspi and Shlomo Grunich (Neve Zedek tomorrow and Monday at 9.30 p.m.)

JAZZ — Danny Gottfried, piano; Albert Plummer, flute, clarinet; Teddy Kilg, cello, contrabass. (Cafe Pils, 14 Hayarkon, tomorrow at 11 a.m.)

MATTITYAHU AND ALEXANDER — (Neve Zedek, tonight at 10.00 p.m.)

ONCE UPON A TIME IN FRANCE — Miriam Fuchs tells and sings (Beit Levison, Upper Cellar tonight at 12.00 p.m.)

SONGS OF ERETZ ISRAEL — With Nahum Heiman and his guests (Beit Levison, Upper Cellar, Thursday at 10.00 p.m.)

THE MAGICAL TRIO — Jazz with Michael (Greenblatt, Mt. Zion, Zippora Beit-Yehuda (Dun Hotel, Monday at 10.00 p.m.)

UPPER JAZZ CELLAR — With well-known musicians. (Beit Levison, Sunday at 10.00 p.m.)

MUSIC

All programmes start at 8.30 p.m., unless otherwise stated.

Jerusalem

MUSICAL ENCOUNTERS — Kol Israel — concert and musical discussion (Music Centre, Elia Karen, Monday at 8.30 p.m.)

Tel Aviv area

ISRAEL JAZZ TRIO — (Tel Aviv Museum, tomorrow at 9.00 p.m.)

Hulfa
CONCERT — Haifa Symphony Orchestra, Vivaldi and others (Auditorium, Sunday)

Others

CONCERT — (Ramat Hasharon, Yuval tonight at 10.00 p.m.)

CONCERT — Beersheba Symphonietta (Beersheba), the Conservatorium Wednesday and Thursday.

DANCE

BATSEVA DANCE CO. — (Theatre, Monday at 8.30 p.m.)

FOR CHILDREN

Jerusalem

DREAM — The Train Theatre — puppet ages 6 & over (Liberty Bell Garden, Monday at 5.00 p.m.)

LEGENDS — SHADOW THEATRE — The Train Theatre, ages 3 & over (Liberty Bell Garden, Thursday at 5.00 p.m.)

MAYA THE BEE — Animation film (Israel

Museum, Sunday, Monday, Wednesday and Thursday at 3.30 p.m.)

SMELL OF COOKING — The Train Theatre, puppet ages 3 & over (Liberty Bell Garden, tomorrow at 11.30 a.m.)

THE JERUSALEM BIBLICAL ZOO — Guided tours in English and Hebrew. Adults welcome. (Biblical Zoo, Sunday, Wednesday at 4 p.m.)

MOODY RIVER — Japanese film directed by Kohji Oguri. An excellent depiction of insights



The Haifa Symphony Orchestra will give a concert of works by Vivaldi and others, on Sunday September 2

WALKING TOURS

(In English)
Jerusalem

Sunday and Tuesday at 9.30 a.m., Thursday at 2 p.m. — Jewish sites, Curio, Western Wall excavations.

Sunday at 2 p.m. — The Jewish Quarter and Mt. Zion.

Monday at 9.30 a.m. — The Canaanite and Israelite period in Jerusalem.

Monday and Wednesday at 9.30 a.m. — Archeology in the Jewish Quarter: Israelite Tower, Cardo, Burnt House (2 hours).

Monday at 2 p.m. — Sites of special Christian interest.

Thursday at 9.30 a.m. — The Mt. of Olives in Jewish, Christian and Moslem belief.

Tours start from Citadel Courtyard next to Jaffa Gate and last 3-3½ hours (unless otherwise stated). Tickets on the spot.

Archeological Tours

Daily at 9 a.m., 11.30 a.m., 2.30 p.m., Friday at 9 a.m. — Jewish Quarter archeological and historical tour.

Sunday through Thursday at 8.30 a.m. — Temple Mount Seminar, from First Temple period to the present.

Sunday through Thursday at 12 p.m. — Excavations below Temple Mount.

Sunday through Thursday at 2 p.m. — City of David, First Temple period.

Tours last approximately 2 hours. Meet at Carle Information booth, Jewish Quarter. Tickets on the spot.

Society for the Protection of Nature Tours

Sunday at 7 p.m. — Walk on Old City ramparts. Meet Jaffa Gate.

Wednesday at 2.30 p.m. — Excavations of Western Wall. Meet Dung Gate.

Friday at 10 a.m. — City of David and Hezekiah's Tunnel. Meet Dung Gate. Bring flashlight.

Registration at the office of the SPN, 13 Helene Hamalka Street, Tel. 222357, 244605.

Other towns

Daily expeditions in old Jewish Quarter of Safad, synagogues, War of Independence landmarks, cemetery. Tel. 067-30448.

FILM IN BRIEF

AGAINST ALL ODDS — Remake of a film called "Out of the Past." This version portrays a love triangle in which an American football star falls in love with a woman involved with a night-club owner. The characters, being insufficiently interesting, make for a film of little substance.

BREAKDANCE — The Menahem Golan/Torim Globus international hit, based on the show of the same name. Always something new coming out of the USA, and the latest dance style is b-r-e-a-k-d-a-n-c-e.

EDUCATING RITA — About a young woman student of literature, and her elderly professor who falls in love with her. Sharp dialogue adds to this successful adaptation of this London play. Excellent performances by Michael Caine and Julie Walters.

INDIANA JONES AND THE TEMPLE OF DOOM — Sequel to "Raiders of the Lost Ark." Director Spielberg takes Indiana Jones from the seedy back streets of Shanghai in 1935, to the mysteries of a maharajah's palace in a search for ancient ritual stones with magical powers. The stunts get to steal the limelight.

KAGAMUSHA — Akira Kurosawa's most spectacular historical saga of 16th-century Japanese wars offers surprisingly intimate insights into the essence of glory and charisma, and the emptiness of vanities. A masterpiece by any standard.

LA TRAVIATA — Director Franco Zeffirelli remains faithful to the spirit of Verdi's famous, larger-than-life, Kitch opera, and makes it work as a film. Starring Teresa Stratas and Placido Domingo in the lead roles.

MOODY RIVER — Japanese film directed by Kohji Oguri. An excellent depiction of insights

into a child's world, and the lost innocence which comes with experience and living.

POLICE ACADEMY — About a liberal lady mayor who opens the doors of the force to anyone who wishes to join. This film has a bit of many things — sex, violence, racist attitudes, slapstick, satire and more, but they all add up to no great film.

RAIDERS OF THE LOST ARK — This George Lucas-Steven Spielberg venture creates magic out of sheer energy. A glorious, unabashed piece of entertainment.

RETURN OF MARTIN GUERRE — Set in a remote French 16th-century village. Constructed as a thriller, the audience is invited to guess who the real Martin Guerre is, and questions of ethics, morality and truth are raised. This film is a rewarding experience.

ROMANCING THE STONE — A romantic, zany adventure of a prize New York writer who goes to the jungles of Colombia to save her kidnapped sister. Lots of adventure, action and danger, but at least the film doesn't take itself too seriously.

SCARFACE — Remake of the 1932 version of same film. Opening with documentary footage showing the invasion of Florida by Cuban refugees, the film continues with fiction, depicting America's underworld. Al Pacino plays a ruthless killer, but on the whole the film offers too much violence and not much else.

SOLDIER OF THE NIGHT — Israeli film about a young man, rejected by the army because of physical disability, who decides to start a war of his own to prove his worth. We get to see how he functions in society, but director Dan Wolman gets stuck and the film seems to progress with difficulty.

STAYING ALIVE — John Travolta dances up a storm in this new pop musical. If you enjoyed "Saturday Night Fever" you won't be disappointed.

A SUNDAY IN THE COUNTRY — Tale of one son, revealing moment in the dwindling life of Monsieur Ladamir, a moderately successful and thoroughly unsatisfied artist. French director Bertrand Tavernier turns an outwardly banal day into a moving examination of a man's search for his past.

SWEET MOVIE Film of avant-garde Yugoslav director Dusan Makavejev is an outrageous offering which deals in explicit terms with human sexuality while attacking the "ideals" of both the capitalist and communist worlds.

TERMS OF ENDEARMENT — The relationship between a self-centered mother and her daughter over a period of 15 years. James Broke's Hollywood production is an ideal combination of laughter and tears. Superb acting by Shirley MacLaine, Doreen Winger and Jack Nicholson.

TO BE OR NOT TO BE — Producer Mel Brooks in a funny remake of this 1942 film about a theatre company in occupied Poland. With Mel Brooks and Anne Bancroft in the lead roles.

WIFE MISTRESS — An Italian couple at the turn of the century discover that the depths of their love are directly related to the levels on which they can deceive each other and indulge in various debaucheries. An interesting, thought-provoking film with excellent acting on the parts of Marcello Mastroianni and Laura Antonelli.

Some of the films listed are restricted to adult audiences. Please check with the cinema.

FRIDAY, AUGUST 31, 1984

THE JERUSALEM POST MAGAZINE

JERUSALEM Cinemas

CINEMA 1 ONJO in Jerusalem Cinema

Buses 18, 19, 24, Tel. 415067
Fri. Aug. 31
48 HOURS 2.30
SCARFACE 4.15
Sat. Sept. 1
TARZON 7.30
KAGAMUSHA 9
Sun. Sept. 2
48 HOURS 7
SCARFACE 8.45
Mon. Sept. 3
TARZON 7.30
KAGAMUSHA 9.30
Tue. Sept. 4
WIFE MISTRESS 7, 9.15
Wed. Sept. 5
CHAROTS OF FIRE 6.45, 9.15
Thur. Sept. 6
THE WORLD ACCORDING TO GARP 6.45, 9.15

EDEN
4th week
LADIES' HAIRDRESSER
Saturday 7.30, 9.30
Weekdays 4, 7, 9

EDISON
4th week
ROMANCING THE STONE
Saturday 7.30, 9.30
Weekdays 4, 7, 9

HABIRA
2nd week
LES MORFALOUS
(Lepus of the Brave)
Saturday 7.30, 9.30
Weekdays 4, 7, 9

ISRAELI MUSEUM
MAYA THE BEE
Sat., Mon., Wed., Thur. 3.30

MUDDY RIVER
Tuesday 6, 8.30

KFIR
10th week
INDIANA JONES AND THE TEMPLE OF DOOM
Sat. 7.15, 9.30
Weekdays 4, 6.45, 9

MITCHELL
5th week
THE DRESSER
Sat. 7.15, 9.30
Weekdays 6.45, 9

ORGIL
EDDIE MACON'S RUN
Saturday 7.30, 9.30
Weekdays 4, 7, 9

ORION
9th week
ZIGZAG STORY
Saturday 7.30, 9.30
Weekdays 4, 7, 9

ORNA
11th week
POLICE ACADEMY
Saturday 7, 9
Weekdays 4, 7, 9
Sunday 15.00

RON
BEHIND THE DOOR
Saturday 7, 9
Weekdays 4, 7, 9

SEMADAR
6th week
TERMS OF ENDEARMENT
Saturday 7.15, 9.15
Weekdays 7, 9.15

SMALL AUDITORIUM BINYENI HA'UMA THE TURNING POINT

Saturday 7.30, 9.30
Weekdays 7, 9

TEL AVIV Cinemas

ALLENBY
4th week
LADIES' HAIRDRESSER
Friday 10
Saturday 7.15, 9.40
Weekdays 4.30, 7.15, 9.30

BEN-YEHUDA
Tonight 10, 12
STREETS OF FIRE

STAR TREK III
4th week
Saturday 7.30, 9.30
Weekdays 4.30, 7.15, 9.30

BETH HATEFUTSOH
TEL AVIV UNIVERSITY
JEWISH CINEMATHEQUE
Tue. 8.30

THE HEIRESS
Wed. 8.30

UN SAC DE BILLES

CHEN CINEMA CENTRE
Advance ticket sales only at box office from 10 a.m.

CHEN 1
11th week
POLICE ACADEMY
Tonight 10, 12.15
Sat. 7.25, 9.40
Weekdays 5, 7.25, 9.40

CHEN 2
17th week
THE RETURN OF MARTIN GUERRE
Tonight 9.50, 12.15
Sat. and weekdays 7.15, 9.30

ARISTOCATS
Mut. 5

CHEN 3
26th week
TERMS OF ENDEARMENT
* SHIRLEY MACLAINE
* DEBRA WINGER
* JACK NICOLSON
Friday 9.45, 12.15
Sat. and weekdays 7.10, 9.40

MARRY POPPINS
Mut. 4.45

CHEN 4
6th week
THE BIG CHILL
* CLIFF ROBERTSON
Friday 10, 12.15
Sat. 7.25, 9.40
Weekdays 10.30, 1.30, 5, 7.25, 9.40

CHEN 5
17th week
CROSS CREEK
Tonight 9.45, 12.15
Saturday 7.15, 9.35
Weekdays 10.30, 1.30, 4.45, 7.15, 9.35

CINEMA ONE RAIDERS OF THE LOST ARK

Friday 10
Saturday 9.30
Weekdays 4.30, 7.15, 9.30

CINEMA TWO REAR WINDOW

Fri. 10; Sat. 7.15, 9.30
Weekdays 4.30, 7.15, 9.30

CLASS 86 Allenby Rd.
Tonight 10
Sat. 7.30, 9.30
Weekdays 4.30, 7.15, 9.30

DEKEL
2nd week
THE NATURAL
* ROBERT REDFORD
Sat. 7.15, 9.30

DRIVE-IN
Fri., 10 Sat. and weekdays 9.30
LE BATTANT
(What a Man)
Sat. and weekdays 7.30
TARZAN AND SON
Tonight 12.15; Sat. 12 midnight
New Film

ESTHER Tel. 225610
4th week
Tonight 10
Sat. 7.30, 9.30
Weekdays 4.30, 7.30, 9.30

LEGION OF THE BRAVE
(LES MORFALOUS)

GAT
6th week
ROMANCING THE STONE
Saturday 7.15, 9.30
Weekdays 5, 7.15, 9.30

GORDON
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Two of the best films of the year!
Sat. 7.15, Weekdays 4.30, 7.15

LE BAL
An Altman Scul film
Sat. and weekdays at 9.30
4th and last week

STREAMERS
A Robert Altman film
Friday 2.30; M.A.S.H.

HOD
3rd week
Tonight 10; Sat. 7.15, 9.30
Weekdays 4.30, 7.15, 9.30

EDDIE MACON'S RUN

LEV I
10th week
LA TRAVIATA
* TERESA STRATAS
* PLACIDO DOMINGO
* CORNELIO MACNEIL
Tonight 9.30, 11.35; Sat. 7.30, 9.30
Weekdays 1.30, 4.30, 7.15, 9.30

LEV II
7th week
Tonight 9.30, 11.35;
Sat. and weekdays 7.30, 9.40

SOLDIER OF THE NIGHT
LIMOR
Israel Premiere
Tonight 10, 12
Sat. 7.15, 9.30
Weekdays 4.30, 7.15, 9.30

D.C. CABS
Sat. 11 a.m.
Savage Island

MAXIM
11th week
EDUCATING RITA
Saturday 7.30, 9.40
Weekdays 5, 7.30, 9.40

MOGRABI 12th week AGAINST ALL ODDS

Tonight 10; Sat. 7.30, 9.40
Weekdays 4.30, 7.15, 9.30

* JEFF BRIDGES
* RACHEL WARD
* JAMES WOODS
ONLY

CRACKERS
Sat. 7.15, 9.30
Weekdays 4.30, 7.15, 9.30

PARIS
6th week
Sat. 11.30, 7.30, 9.30
Weekdays 10, 12, 2, 4, 6, 7.30, 9.30

THE KING AND MR. BIRD
Tonight 10, 12
TO BE OR NOT TO BE
Sat. 5

SWEET MOVIE

PEER
2nd week
CADDIE
* HELEN MORSE
* JACK THOMPSON
"A marvellous picture; one you should travel for to see" London Evening Standard
Sat. 7.15, 9.30
Weekdays 4.30, 7.15, 9.30

SHAHAF
10th week
BLAME IT ON RIO
A Stanley Dumen film
* MICHAEL CAINE
* JOSEPH BLOKINA
* MICHELLE JOHNSON
Tonight 10, 12
Sat. 7.15, 9.30
Weekdays 4.30, 7.15, 9.30

Sat. 11 a.m.
STAYING ALIVE

STUDIO
3rd week
MOSCOW ON THE HUDSON
Tonight 10
Sat. 7.15, 9.30
Weekdays 4.15, 7.15, 9.30

TCHETLET
4th week
HORSE FEATHERS
Saturday 7.30, 9.30
Weekdays 5, 7.30, 9.30

TEL AVIV MUSEUM
24th week
French film
SUNDAY IN THE COUNTRY
Saturday 7.30, 9.30
Weekdays 5, 7.30, 9.30

TAMUZ
Ramat Aviv Cinema
Tel. 412761
23rd week
ZIGZAG STORY
Friday night 10, 12.15
Sat. and weekdays 7.15, 9.40

TEL AVIV
10th week
INDIANA JONES AND THE TEMPLE OF DOOM
Today 10 p.m.
Sat. 7.15, 9.30
Weekdays 4.30, 7.15, 9.30

ZAFON
GARÇON
Sat. 7.15, 9.30
Weekdays 4.30, 7.15, 9.30

HAIFA Cinemas

ATZMON
2nd week
LEGION OF THE BRAVE
(LES MORFALOUS)
Sat. 7.15, 9.30
Weekdays 4.30, 7.15, 9.30

AMPHITHEATRE
THE EXTERMINATOR
* SEMANTHA FEGGAR
* ROBERT DUVALL
* CHRISTOPHER GEORGE
Saturday 7.30, 9.30
Weekdays 4.30, 7.15, 9.30

ARMON
THE NATURAL
* ROBERT REDFORD
* ROBERT DUVALL
* BARBARA HERSHBY
No complimentary tickets
Saturday 7.15, 9.15
Weekdays 4.30, 7.15, 9.15

CHEN
POLICE ACADEMY
Saturday 6.45, 9
Weekdays 4, 6.15, 9

MORIAH
SAKHAROV
Saturday, weekdays 7
SOLDIER OF THE NIGHT
Saturday, weekdays 9

ORAH
4th week
LADIES' HAIRDRESSER
Sat. 7.30, 9.30
Weekdays 4, 6.45, 9

ONLY
* CARLANSABRAS
BLOOD WEDDING
with Antonio Gades
Saturday 7, 9.15
Weekdays 6.45, 9

PEER
THE BIG CHILL
In a cold world, you need your friends to keep you warm
Saturday 7, 9.15
Weekdays 6.45, 9

RON
10th week
INDIANA JONES AND THE TEMPLE OF DOOM
4, 6.45, 9

SHAVIT
3rd week
Sat. 6.30, 9; weekdays 7, 9.15
ZIGZAG STORY

RAMAT GAN Cinemas

ARMON
11th week
POLICE ACADEMY
Friday, 10 p.m.
Sat. 7.30, 9.30
Weekdays 4.30, 7.30, 9.30

LILY
6th week
Tonight 10;
Sat. and weekdays 7.15, 9.30

RETURN OF MARTIN GUERRE

OASIS 8th week ROMANCING THE STONE

Tonight 10; Sat. 7.30, 9.30
Weekdays 4.30, 7.15, 9.30

MAT. 1.30 THE UGLY DUCKLING

ORDEA
4th week
FOOTLOOSE
* KEVIN KAUTON
* DIANA WEST
Dolby Stereo
Tonight, 10, Sat. 7.15, 9.30
Weekdays 4.30, 7.15, 9.30

RAMAT GAN
5th week
Sat. and weekdays 7.30, 9.30
EDUCATING RITA

HOLON Cinemas

MIGDAL
5th week
Tonight 10;
Sat. and weekdays 7.15, 9.30

POLICE ACADEMY

SAVOY
RAIDERS OF THE LOST ARK
Saturday 7.15, 9.30
Weekdays 4.30, 7.15, 9.30

Herzliya Cinemas

DAVID
4th week
LADIES' HAIRDRESSER
Sat. 7.15, 9.30
Weekdays 5, 7.15, 9.30

TIFERET
6th week
RETURN OF MARTIN GUERRE
Sat. 7.30, 9.30
Weekdays 4.30, 7.15, 9.30

HECHAL
3rd week
INDIANA JONES AND THE TEMPLE OF DOOM
Tonight 10; Sat. 7.15, 9.30
Weekdays 4.30, 7.15, 9.30

BAT YAM CINEMA

ATZMAUT
3rd week
Sat. 7.15, 9.30
Weekdays 4.30, 7.15, 9.30

BREAKDANCE

The Jerusalem Post Library

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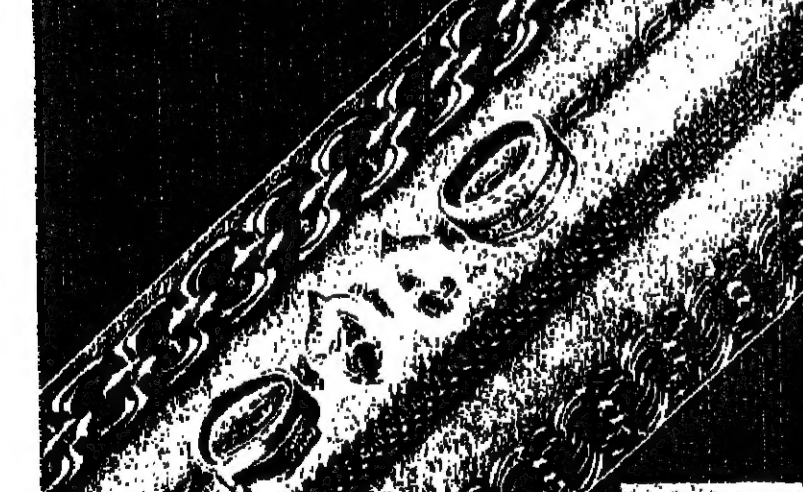
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THE CENTENARY of Otto Klemperer, one of the greatest conductors of this century and also one of its most interesting personalities is approaching. He was born on May 14, 1885, and the date will be marked in Israel by a concert of the Haifa Symphony under Urs Schneider, who befriended the aging conductor in his later years in Switzerland, where he died in 1973. Two of Klemperer's compositions will be performed, his Merry Waltz and the First Symphony.

In time for the centenary, the Cambridge University Press is publishing the first - and what looks like the definitive - biography of the conductor, written by the eminent English music critic, Peter Heyworth.

So far, only the first part is available, covering the period 1885-1933, and one hopes fervently that the second part will be going to press soon, for the subject and its superb presentation arouses rare excitement. Perhaps that is due to the involvement of this reviewer, who grew up during the Weimar Republic and remembers vividly the period leading up to the destruction of democracy in Germany and the Nazi take-over in 1933. There are still many people alive who share this experience and will devour every page of this volume.

Heyworth has done an enormous amount of research and study of source material, so that even readers who were fortunate enough not to have lived through this time in Germany will get a fascinating introduction to this crisis in the history of mankind.

Of course, the main part of the book obviously deals with the period of Klemperer's work in Berlin with the Kroll Opera (1927-1932). The well-meant but feeble attempts to create a new culture in Germany after World War I and its early stifling by reactionary forces, party politics and personal jealousies and machinations and in this turbulent time are magnificently described. The reader is taken through Klemperer's early beginnings as Mahler's protégé and meets Hans Pfitzner, Klemperer's sometime teacher, friend, competitor, colleague, Richard Strauss, Wilhelm Furtwängler, Arnold Schoenberg, Busoni, Schreker, Janacek, Hindemith, and Stravinsky will all appear on the stage on which Klemperer acted out his career.

ONE QUOTATION will suffice to give the younger reader an impression of the times Heyworth speaks of in this volume.

"In the 1929 Berlin Festival, between 19 and 29 May, Toscanini conducted a season of six operas performed by La Scala, Milano. Between 1 and 11 June Strauss conducted six of his own operas. Furtwängler conducted *Tristan* and *Figaro*. Blech contributed *The Ring* and Busoni's *Dr. Faust*. Georg Szell was in charge of André Chénier, while Kleiber conducted *La Clemenza di Tito* and *Don Pasquale*. "In addition to Hindemith's new opera (*Neues vom Tage*), Klemperer gave performances of *Don Giovanni*, *Der Fliegende Holländer* and three Krenek one-act operas. His concerts during the festival included an all-Stravinsky programme with the composer as soloist. The Daghilev Ballet, conducted by Ernest Ansermet, also appeared in a number of Stravinsky scores. Walter's contribution was limited to a performance of *Dus Lied von der Erde*."

Heyworth takes generous use of reviews of Klemperer's performances to illustrate not only the contrasting opinions of his handling of

Definitive biography



MUSIC & MUSICIANS/Yohanan Boehm

operas and symphonies but also the attitudes prevailing at different times, the changes in taste, style and expectation. The book is proof of the important role of music critics as recorders of history and reflectors of social and cultural conditions.

ISRAELIS WILL find some familiar characters, even in this first volume. Rose Pauly, the great singer mainly of Wagner and Strauss roles, who made her debut in Cologne in 1922 and, after a long and distinguished career, spent her last years in Israel, dying here in 1975.

William Steinberg, having been dismissed by Klemperer from the city orchestra in 1919 for disobeying his bowing instructions, in a performance of Halevy's *La Juive*, was later addressed by the conductor thus: "I admired the conviction with which you conducted the wrong tempo," and engaged him as conductor for the following season.

Leo Kestenberg (1882-1962), who played a pivotal role in the organization of music in Prussia, was instrumental in finally bringing Klemperer to Berlin. After his ally in 1938, Kestenberg became the general manager of the Palestine Symphony Orchestra (now the IPO), and on his retirement in 1945 he concentrated on teaching, founding Israel's first music teachers' college.

HEYWORTH makes no attempt to idealize his subject, whom he writes about sympathetically but also objectively. Klemperer was obviously a very complex character, and his personality caused not a little friction during his long and adventurous life. But his great stature - not only physical but also professional - as an interpreter shines through the pages of the book which is richly annotated with personal data about the persons involved in this drama.

HEYWORTH never deviates from his purpose to put Klemperer centre stage after providing background information and connections, be they cultural or political, personal or factual. The result is a fascinating picture of a life full of great names in music; history is learned as one follows with bated breath the struggle of the young conductor to climb up the ladder to influential position not for personal aggrandisement but to fulfil his mission as he saw it: to provide a stage for new works, to fight for a new kind of interpretation - de-sentimentalized and *workman* in concert hall and opera house. The latter, he held, must have permanent singers to guarantee high-quality productions rather than the repertoire system, still prevalent today, in which a different opera is presented every night, generally without rehearsals, with ever-changing soloists and consequently sloppy results.

Klemperer came to Israel quite late in his life. The first time was in 1951, when he conducted the radio orchestra with Frank Pelleg as soloist, in an all-Mozart programme. He wrought miracles with the musicians - people who were present still talk about it today. He returned in 1967 to visit his sister, who was living in Jerusalem, and again conducted the radio orchestra. In 1970, he conducted Mahler's Ninth Symphony at the Israel Festival, and the following year directed three concerts of works by Bach.

Like Arnold Schoenberg, he returned to the Jewish faith after the Nazi experience and he has been quoted as saying on one of these visits, "I am always happy to be in the land of my fathers."

His conversion to Catholicism is explained at length by Heyworth as being a matter of conviction and not mere convenience, as in the case of Schoenberg and Mahler.

"WHY DON'T we have?" and "Where can you buy?" are probably the two questions I hear most often.

Readers ask where they can get tortillas, or fresh ginger or chocolate fudge. I can't always help them with these problems, but I can hold out the hope that more and more items that were once unknown in the country are being made available.

One such commodity, which I often heard about, was limes. Readers pointed out, and rightly, that lemons just don't have that sharp distinctive flavour that can do so much for a drink or any number of foods. Now, here too there is hope. True, limes are not yet flooding the market, but they are being grown and the first of them are being used for a lime festival at the Tel Aviv Hilton.

This hotel has acquired something of a reputation for introducing new items. It was the first to serve mul-lard, (a cross-bred duck), and ya'ez, a cross between a goat and an ibex, not to mention bread made with

cotton-seed flour and other esoteric items.

I must admit that my palate had practically forgotten just how pleasant the taste of lime is, especially when used with the rich food that is inevitably a part of elegant dining. My first course of goose liver in a lime sauce might be described as a magnificent show of understatement: three slices of goose liver, simply and lightly braised and served with a rich brown sauce with just a hint of the characteristic tartness and a few slivers of lime peel for emphasis. I find it hard to fault goose liver in any form, but this was especially sublime.

It was also, despite all the understatement, incredibly rich, and so I was prepared to exchange plates with my companion halfway through, to try the thinly sliced salmon and sea bass marinated in lime juice. It was, in its way, just as exquisite as the other dish; also, there was the pleasure of knowing

Sublime



MATTERS OF TASTE Haim Shapiro

that it comprised a few dozen calories at most.
 Fresh fish marinated in lime juice

is one of the great contributions of Latin American cuisine, and it will be very good to be able to make it in Israel. Again, the special flavour of the lime provides an element that a lemon cannot equal.

IN KEEPING with the theme of the meal, the salad - a simple mixture of lettuce and tomato - was also dressed with lime and oil. Here the lime was pleasant, but I must admit no more effective than fresh lemon juice or wine vinegar.

But there was no question that the main course, roast duck, had been influenced in a way attributable only to that elusive fruit. Succulent and crisp at the same time, it had obviously been marinated in lime juice before it was roasted. The relative simplicity of the dish was a lesson to all of us that duck is its own best friend in the oven, and that the easiest way to ruin it is to fool around with it too much.

I was so impressed by the duck that I could not help looking down a

bit on my companion's fillet of veal in a sauce that included, in addition to limes, green peppercorns. Not that the veal wasn't perfect. The meat was tender and tasty, the sauce mouth-watering. It's just that in comparison to the duck, it was only perfect.

After all this perfection, the last courses came as quite a disappointment. There was the usual array of delicious looking sweets to choose from; but in keeping with our programme, we chose the two special lime dishes. My lime sorbet obviously comprised too much of a good thing and was quite bitter - some of the pith had got into the sweet.

My companion's crepe was somewhat better, having no nasty side-taste, but the mixture of meringue and parve cream which seemed to form the filling was less than inspiring. The best I can say about it is that time seems to be the one thing that can successfully cut the side-taste of parve cream, and as such deserves a great deal more attention.

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TELEREVIEW Philip Gillon

Jordan: I couldn't understand why J.R. had changed so much.

BUT LET US get back to the long night of October 19, 1920, and those monologues in the tent.

The troublemaker is Moshe Goldberg, a Galician, acted very convincingly by Gedalia Besser. He sticks out in that society of immigrants, most of them from Vienna, like a sore thumb. His table manners are poor; he is an aggressive, unlovable type and he questions all the accepted wisdom.

When one young woman says she lived through a pogrom as a child and adds that this experience was enough for her to justify Jews wanting their own land, he refuses to buy her thesis. When the big pragmatist says that at least they are doing something practical and positive by settling up a new settlement, Goldberg sneers sardonically.

The whole venture will have no point for him, he insists, unless the Jews prove, not that they are going to establish a nation like other nations, but that they will build a wonderful new type of society. Nothing else can justify taking over the land from the Arabs, and, on occasion, killing Arabs.

The earth turns on its axis, the long night wanes, day breaks. No doubt as exhausted by the conversation as if they had been watching the Olympics on television all night, they strike camp. All of them, including the self-torturing Goldberg, go down the hill, singing a suitable song, to keep their rendezvous with destiny.

I emerged with the impression that those idealists were very naive and impractical, misled by their introspection and fine talk, like so many Zionists of those days. And how wonderful it was to be like that, compared to what we have become! I am very grateful to Sobol and Israel Television for an absorbing, nostalgic return to the brave days of old.

HOW LOVELY all that talk sounded, compared to what we were to hear later in the week on the news and in a debate between Gedalia Besser and Shmuel Toledo on Ram Eylon's *This is the Time*.

The news featured the repellent antics of Interior Minister Yosef Burg. Recently we had to endure his curious conflation of Rabbi Meir Kahane's rewriting of the Knesset oath of allegiance. This week came his waving of the flag over the Temple Mount. Finally we had his defence of the Kahane hoodlums who attacked four Knesset members at Tel Mond prison.

In the good old days, when David Ben-Gurion ran the show, Burg was a fine example of an educated, literate, Orthodox German Jew with an excellent sense of humour, plenty of common sense and a set of humane values. All he asked of B-G as his price for letting the Old Man manage the nation were adequate payments to yeshivot and other religious institutions, plus amicable co-existence between Orthodox and secular within the framework of the status quo agreement.

Now something weird has happened to him. From my knowledge of what can be done to warp the

BASICALLY, there are two kinds of film festivals you can go to. To the first kind you go to work; it's crazy, overcharged, frustrating, the kind of event where you hardly manage to see half of what you would have liked to sample. It's strictly for professionals, and even these may well feel the experience too inhuman to take it on a regular basis.

Then, there's the other kind, where you go to relax. Most of the films you've already seen elsewhere; the ones you haven't seen aren't too attractive anyway, so you can take it very easy, enjoy the sights, the food, and eventually the company. This kind is recommended for snobs who want to tell their friends they've been to a film festival and go through the experience as painlessly as possible. It's also recommended for tired reporters who feel they need some time away from their daily chores.

The Locarno Festival has somehow managed to squeeze itself between the two categories. It doesn't have the pressure and the feeble atmosphere of the big film super-markets, yet it has plenty of exciting items to go through, whether you are a seasoned reviewer of films or just a committed aficionado.

Where else would you enjoy a bit of nostalgia, in the morning, following an Italian retrospective of melodramas, such as *River Rice*, to remind you that Italy in the Forties was not all idealistic neo-realism.

Then, at noon, for the pure delight of it, one of the greatest Japanese classics, *Intendant Sancho*, by Kenji Mizoguchi, find yourself in the afternoon watching a Lithuanian movie about poor fishermen at the turn of the century which suggests that Baltic influence there is much stronger than Soviet realism.

And once the sun sets, join the thousands of people gathered on the Piazza Grande, the town's central square, converted for the occasion into an open-air cinema, screening the best selections of other festivals, such as the Cannes winner, *Paris, Texas*, with the stars shining overhead and the bells of the surrounding churches adding their own dimension to the film's soundtrack.

Add the picturesque Alps, some of the best restaurants in Switzerland, and the peaceful, secure mood that reigns over it all, and one would be hard put to find a better place for a film buff to spend his vacation.

ON TOP OF IT ALL, there is a new section whose presence has become more pronounced this year. It is dedicated to TV movies, that strange new breed so difficult to define: feature films running from 60 to maybe 150 minutes, made to order for television, but otherwise identical to cinema pictures in every way and sometimes, indeed, released in cinemas, if their standards are considered satisfactory.

The really exciting thing about this section - which, by the way, includes a competition, just like the rest of the festival - is the inevitable comparison between two basic approaches to the audiovisual language.

The main programme, whether it shows classics or confirmed successes from other festivals, focuses on the development of film language, on absolute achievements. As for the official competition, it consists of movies made by young people, on small budgets, sometimes failed attempts to innovate, but always ambitious in not following the trodden path.

Movies made for television are just the opposite. Where young filmmakers can't afford stars, sets, production values and glamour, television cries out for all that. On the

Marvellous mix CINEMA/Dan Fainaru

other hand, if there is one golden rule for all TV people to follow, it is: Do not step outside the trodden path.

JUST IMAGINE THE ABYSS separating a movie such as the Hungarian *Autumn Almanac*, showing five people tearing each other to pieces, in eternal close-ups, possibly one of the meanest, most uncompromising portrayals of life in Hungary, and the urbane, well-fashioned, and quite unsurprising remake of *Witness for the Prosecution*, with an all-star cast that includes Sir Ralph Richardson, Diana Rigg, Donald Pleasance, Beau Bridges and Deborah Kerr.

Even when you get, on the face of it, similar subject-matter, how is it possible to put the misery of a film entitled *The King of China*, describing the life of rag-pickers in a Paris suburb in a fashion that would make Gorki's *Lower Depths* seem cheerful, beside the smoothly modelled *The Doll Maker*, about a poor farmer's wife who realizes her dream of buying her own farm by selling wooden dolls in the big city. With no less a star than Jane Fonda playing the lead, it is clear from the very first minute that she is not the kind to give up or fail.

Even when dealing with what is obviously a very sensitive topic, the kind television usually shrinks from, like incest, in *Something about Amelia* it is done in such a tasteful, restrained manner that one is almost tempted to believe that incest isn't so terrible, which is not the film's intention at all.

Still, real talent will come through whatever the conditions under which it operates; and to be quite fair, some of the European TV channels, particularly those financed by the state, show considerable courage in their production policies. And that was another instructive lesson to be learned in Locarno. For if it is true there was a world of difference between the main competition and the TV movies, most of them conditioned by the average demands of commercial television, it is no less true that most of the difficult films in the official competition couldn't have been made without substantial support from TV channels.

POSSIBLY the best example of all is the winner of this year's Golden Leopard award, *Stranger than Paradise*. By any definition, this is not an easy film to handle. It is in black and white; most of the time there are only three characters on screen; and none of them is even slightly known as an actor. The film consists of one-shot sequences separated by black frames, and the story of an Hungarian girl who comes to America, finds herself stranded in the apartment of a distant cousin about her own age, who isn't at all pleased with the unwelcome guest, and their ensuing travels through the continent accompanied by a third friend, while certainly amusing and highly perceptive, lacks the appealing qualities traditionally associated with movies. The protagonists aren't pretty, the background is particularly drab and there are many moments when nothing really happens, because this is an inescapable part of the lives these characters lead.

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Respectability rules

LONDON theatre is solid and stolid. Everything is done competently (well, almost competently); it is never really dull, but it is also not especially exciting from either a theatrical or a topical point of view.

Theatre is respectable, and it presents itself as such. Since respectability is what most visitors from out of town, and most Londoners too, are looking for, the halls are full and long queues stand outside box-offices and at the cheaper ticket-booth in Leicester Square.

There does not seem to be a spirit of innovation, with one minor exception to be mentioned later. The fringe theatres present many old plays, and new plays on contemporary subjects, mainly race relations (with stress on South Africa), the Irish problem, development housing, and so on. Undoubtedly relevant and sometimes moving, in the kind of thing is just as respectable as Shakespeare. The one still provocative subject, women's lot in contemporary society, is rapidly becoming respectable too. Nothing is really unexpected, as it is to be not so long ago.

Having reported on many commercial theatre ventures in previous articles, the present one will deal with the "official" subsidized theatres. The most heavily supported art form is opera: according to a recent report by the Arts Council, every occupied seat in London opera receives £20 in support, in addition to the high prices charged for them (the seats we had were priced at £26). The lavishness of the productions and the high standard of the music compensate for the prices. What we have is entertainment for the well-to-do, subsidized by the taxpayers' money; it is justified by the need to keep London the cultural metropolis it is. Respectability again.

The Royal Opera (Covent Garden), at the moment in the United States for the Olympics, recently presented, and will present again in the coming season, two of the most frequently staged Italian operas, both beautifully done, with lavish and sometimes breathtaking scenery.

Puccini's *Tosca*, produced by Franco Zeffirelli and conducted by Robin Stapleton, with some great singers, was as impressive as ever, although I am not a great admirer of Puccini - he usually sounds to me either trite or like Verdi.

Falstaff, first produced around 1890, is to my mind quite another matter. Written when Verdi was 76, it is as fresh as one might wish - the work of a spiritually young man with the experience of a lifetime, funny, vivacious, humane, life-affirming. Shakespeare, and the librettist Boito, may have had something to do with this. It is produced by Ronald Eyre, of whom more below, with wonderful scenery by Hayden Griffin. Falstaff and the two merry wives of Windsor (Rolando Panerai, Anne Howells, Barbara Daniels) are enchanting and do full justice to the work. The Gobi, the greatest Falstaff of our time, died recently at the age of 71, and is sorely missed.

TALKING of the demise of great performers, the death of Dame Flora Robson was a sad reminder of the passing of a generation of prodigies who made post-war London so remarkable a place. A new and

THEATRE

Uri Rapp

different but also gifted and versatile group of actors has now taken over (only Gielgud, among the knighted ones, is still active).

Ian McKellen is one of the more prominent of the "new" lot. His impersonation of Platonov is a marvelous piece of acting. Chekhov's first play, discovered in a bank safe long after his death, has been variously called *Platonov*, *Without Fathers* (after Bezotzovshchina), *Don Juan in the Russian Manner*, *Ce fou de Platonov*. In the present National Theatre production it is called *Wild Honey*.

The setting, the characters, the ambience, are all Chekhovian - a term which by now should be in the English dictionaries. The original script takes about six hours, and is unripe in parts; it has always been adapted to a normal length, with continuous action. The ubiquitous Michael Frayn, who at present has at least five different works on stage in London, has done a beautiful job with his adaptation for the National Theatre; he makes the play at least as much Frayn as Chekhov.

The funny part, not really comedy, is pure enjoyment; the sad part, not really tragedy, requires thoughtful consideration. A central character in the plot is a train, and it is stunningly portrayed both visually and acoustically. The play, directed by Christopher Morahan, and with Charlotte Cornwall as Anna Petrovna, has just started and will probably be on a long time, because the audiences will love it. A new face for Chekhov, not less profound than others known to us, is now being presented; and the reluctant Don Juan has already (*pace* Max Frisch) become one of the "heroes" of the 20th century.

ALSO AT the National Theatre, in the Olivier Hall, is Bernard Shaw's *Saint Joan*. This witty and moving work has since its inception in 1924 become one of the most loved and performed of Shaw's plays. I have seen it many times, but at this performance I felt as if I was seeing it for the first time. Frances de la Tour as Joan is not as young as Joan should be; she was 17 when she erupted into history in 1429, and 19 when she died at the stake. This actress projects a different Joan from the one we have become used to seeing, but still a very Shavian one: impertinent without self-consciousness, self-assured, fully grown-up, serious and determined rather than enthusiastic and headstrong. Shaw's ability to turn dialectics into dramatics, and to make history seem up-to-date, is fully accommodated in this production. John Gunter, who was responsible for the beautiful and theatrically effective settings in *Wild Honey*, has again done himself proud with the scenery and the costumes; and the NT's cast are all one could wish. Ronald Eyre (who produced *Falstaff*) has proved himself one of the foremost directors now at work, a fact which Londoners and British television viewers have known for some time.

ALSO IN the National Theatre, in the small off-Broadway-like Cottesloe Hall, is *Animal Farm*, after George Orwell's famous novel. This

year is of course Orwell's year, and *Animal Farm* sounds eerily contemporary, applicable not only to the Soviet Union. The animal masks are very suggestive and life-like in a human way, and the action is fast and hair-raising. The stage adaptation and direction are by the eminent Sir Peter Hall, director of the National Theatre. Notwithstanding all the ability that has gone into this production, my old contention holds good: the adaptation of a novel, however great, to dramatic requirements, will necessarily lack vital dramatic elements and cannot come up to standard.

Another interesting Shaw play is *Back to Methuselah* at the Shaw Theatre, done by the Cambridge Theatre Company (both of them supported by several public and community funds). This "play" consists of five separate plays dealing with the theme of death and age. The idea is that mankind cannot advance because people die too young, before they are experienced and wise enough to do real good. The pieces range from Adam and Eve to the year 32000 CE, and take five hours of performance time, in two evenings or one afternoon and evening. They are cleverly done, as a kind of rehearsal under Shaw's supervision, and are as mischievous and philosophical as anything by the great man, though a bit too talkative and exhortative.

AND SO to Shakespeare. Members of the Royal Shakespeare Company are of course Shakespeare's custodians in Britain, but dozens of Shakespeare productions can be seen all over the country, and many in London itself. What disturbs me about the Royal Shakespeare Company is its very competence, its correctness and reverence for the Bard.

Julius Caesar has Peter McNery as Brutus, and is directed by Ron Daniels. I never liked this play very much, and I still don't. It does put forward some interesting ideas on politics and revolution, which may be instructive even today, but not if presented as a purely historical piece in a traditional manner. However, the famous funeral scene and Mark Antony's speech are presented in a somewhat different manner than usual, and David Schofield's Mark Antony is intriguing.

Measure for Measure seems to me much more profound and multi-layered: the manifold connections between politics and morality, religion and psychology, sex and human relations, marriage and society, and government and corruption are intricately interwoven in this play. It is ably presented, and again David Schofield (as Angelo) dominates the stage. The performance is directed by Adrian Noble, who justifies the name he has made for himself as a director. Still, everything in this presentation is completely predictable, there is nothing that astonishes.

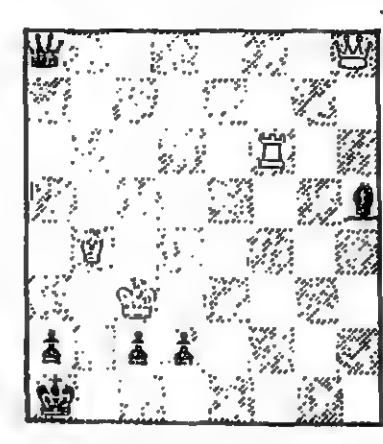
The Comedy of Errors, also directed by Adrian Noble, is, as far as I am concerned, the most enjoyable of the three. The comic effects are amusing, the psychology is convincing, in spite of the grotesque double twin situations, and the longish exposition at the beginning is brought under control and made interesting by some neat theatrical devices. This is classical comedy at its best, but still a bit too classical for the present day.



CHESS

Elisha Shulhaf

Problem No. 3188
 O. COMAY, A. AVNI, Israel
 Schach Echo, 1979



White to play and draw (4-6)
 SOLUTIONS: Problem No. 3186 (Continued) 1. Kf1 Ne3 2. g7 Bd4 3. Kgn Bg7 4. Rf7! Bd4 (4. - Bf8 5. Rg7! - Rf7! 5. Rd7? Be5, or 5. Rf7? Kf8, and Black wins) 5. - Kf8 6. Rf8! Kf8, stalemate.

PASSING OF A GIANT
 TIGRAN PETROSIAN, one of the greatest players of our era, passed away in Moscow at the age of 55 after a prolonged illness. Petrosian became world champion in 1963 when he defeated Mikhail Botvinnik. He defended his title against Boris Spassky in 1966 and finally lost his title after a renewed challenge from Spassky in 1969. In spite of his outstanding record Petrosian has continually had an unimpressive public image.

He has performed with remarkable consistency in seven Candidates events; held down the world title for six years and won the USSR championship on no less than four occasions, so what can be the explanation of this apparent paradox? Possibly the answer is to be sought in his leaning towards a negative, defensive style over the board, aimed more at avoiding loss rather than at playing come what may for victory. Indeed, in his best years Petrosian achieved a reputation for almost total invincibility, not a trait to automatically endear a player to his public.

In addition to stylistic factors Petrosian exhibited a distressing lack of ambition during his tenure of the World title, being content to aim for high prizes in tournaments rather than go all-out for first place. With Petrosian, undoubtedly one of the greatest players of all time, one yet harbours the suspicion that his talent would have been capable of still further development had it been supported by greater determination to succeed and ambition to exploit his untapped reservoirs of power. (Quoted from The Encyclopedia of Chess).

The following game (from the 1958 Mamonov Olympiad) is typical of Petrosian's style.

White (Petrosian) - Kf1; Qd2; Ra3, Rh1; Be3, Bf1; Nc3, Ng3; Pa4, b2, d5, e4, f3, g4, h2. (15).
 Black (Lokvenc) - Kg8; Qa5; Ra8, Rf8; Bc8, Bg7; Nd7, Nf8; Pa6, h7, d6, e5, f7, g6, h7. (15)
 15. Nb1! Qd2 16. Nd2 Bf6 17. Nc4 Bc7 18. a5 Kg7 19. g5 h5 20. gh Kh7 21. h4 Nf6 22. h5 Nh5 23. Nh5 gh 24. Rh5 Nd7 25. Bb3 Rg8 26. Rh2 Rh8 27. Kg2! Rg2 28. Bg2 f5 29. Bh3! (Leading to a quick victory in view of 29. - f4 30. Bg7 Ra8 31. Bg7 Bg7 32. Bb7; or 29. - Nf6 30. Bg7 Ra8 31. Nf6; or finally 29. - Nc5 30. Bc5 dc 31. Ne5) 29. - Bh4, and Black overstepped the time limit.

LONDON (PHILLIPS & DREW)

1984

VAGANIAN

1. d4 Nf6 2. e4 c6 3. Nf3 b6 4. Nc3 Bf4 5. Bg5 h6 6. Bf4 Bb7 7. e3 g5 8. Bg3 Nc4 9. Qc2 Bc3 10. b3 Nc3 11. g3 g4 12. Nh4 Nc6 13. Bb3 Oih 14. Qc2 h5 15. Qc2 h5 16. e4 e5! 17. Rf1 Qg7 18. Qc3 d6 19. Kf2 Qh6! 20. Rb2 e5 21. d5 Bc8 22. a4 Bd7 23. a5 Qc3 24. Kc3 Nc8 25. Ral O!f! 26. a6 Nf6 27. Bb2 a5! 28. Nf5! Bf5 29. a5 Kg7! 30. Ra5 Ra5 31. Ra5 Ra8 32. Bb5 Ra8 33. h3 Kf6 34. Rb1 Nc8 35. Be7! Ne7 36. Kd3 Ng8! 37. Rb7 Kg7 38. Kd2 Ra2 39. Be2 e4 40. Rh8 Ne7 41. g4 h4 42. Rf8 Kf6 43. Ke1 c4! 44. Rh8 Ra1 45. Bb1 Nf5 46. Kb2 c2! 47. Rh1 Ng3. White resigns.

POLUGAEVSKY SPEELMAN

1. d4 Nf6 2. e4 c6 3. Nf3 b6 4. Nc3 Bf4 5. Bg5 h6 6. Bf4 Bb7 7. e3 g5 8. Bg3 Nc4 9. Qc2 Bc3 10. b3 Nc3 11. Bb2 Qc7 12. O-O Ne4 13. Qc2 f5 14. Nc1 Qg5 15. Be1 Qg6 16. f3 Ng5 17. h4 Nc4 18. h5! Qh5 19. fe4 f4 20. h4 Rf1 21. Kf1 Rf8 22. Bf3 e5 23. Ke2! Rf8! 24. g3 e4 25. d5! e3! 26. Nf3 Nc5 27. Qc4 Be8! 28. Bb2! f5 29. Qf4 Nf3 30. e4 Ne5 31. Kf1 Bb3 Qf1 Qg6. White resigns.

NEW YORK INTERNATIONAL

KAVALER

1. d4 d5 2. e4 c6 3. Nf3 e4 4. Nd2 f5 5. f3 Nf6 6. Nc3 g7 7. Bf4 Bg7 8. e5 d5 9. Bb3 O-O 10. Bc2 Nc6 11. h5 Ne7 12. h4! g5 13. Qc2 Ng6 14. O-O f4 15. f3 f5 16. fe4 Ne4 17. Bb3 Nc3 18. h4! Bb3 19. Qd3 a6 20. b6 Ra6 21. Bb1 Nc3 22. Qc3 Nf4 23. Qd2 Qe8 24. Bc1 Qg6 25. Ka1 Rf8 26. Nc1 b6 27. a3 Bb6 28. c6 Bb6 29. Qd3 Qd3 30. Kf1 c5 31. Ne2 e4. White resigns.

COUP DE GRACE

White - Kh2; Qb7; Be4; Pf3, g2, h4, f4.
 Black - Kg7; Qd2; Be6; Pd4, f7, g7, a7. (11) Black to play.

1. f4!! and White resigned in view of 1. Kh3 Qf4, with mate. (Fata-libe - Saakova, Moscow, 1983).

ART OF ATTACK

White - Kh1; Qg3; Rd1; Bb2; Nc3; f4, b4, e3, g2h3. (10)
 Black - Kh8; Qe7; Rg8; Bg7; Bb3; Pa6, a7, e7, h7. (9)

1. f4!! Bb6 (1. - Rd8 2. Bg7 Kg8 3. Bb3 f4 - h6 2. Bg7 Kh7 3. Rg8) 2. f5! Black resigns. (Frey - Villain - 1983).

DIAGRAM FINESS

White - Kc3; Na6; Pb6. (3)
 Black - Kc3; Bb6; Pa7. g5. (4)
 White to play and win.

1. f4!! 2. Nb8 g3 3. Nc6 g2 4. f5!! 5. b8Q g1Q 6. Qa7, and White wins by 11. Rf6. (1904)

This Week in Israel • The Leading Tel Aviv

ANNOUNCING A.M.I.T. Women

It's American Mizrahi Women... and a great deal more
 59 years ago the idea of an independent Women's Religious Zionist Organization was revolutionary.
 Today the revolution continues...

Long before it was considered either fashionable or appropriate, American Mizrahi Women was the single independent non-political voice of religious Zionist women in America. But the activity of the past serves only as a back-drop to the achievements of the present, the grand plans for the future.
 Thus we have changed our name to **AMIT WOMEN**.

"AMIT" is an acronym which stands for "Americans for Israel and Torah" in English "Irgun Mitzadot le'Yisrael veTorah" in Hebrew

In Israel today, Amit Women is responsible for a broad range of "secondary schools, day-centres, youth villages, and social programmes. Most significant is the "Reshet" Network Religious Technological and Vocational high schools, which the Government of Israel plans in our care three years ago. This confidence in Amit is based on proven ability to nurture and administer the finest secondary education available in Israel today.

PROJECTS OF THE AMIT WOMEN NETWORK

FORMERLY

NOW

Bait Zeirot Mizrahi Jerusalem	Amit High School, Jerusalem Religious Vocational School in Tiberias
Bait Haya'el, Gilo, Jerusalem	Bait Haya'el Amit, Jerusalem The Alfred M. and Frances Friedman Field Haven
Mosheh Yeladim, Children's Home, Motza, Jerusalem	Maon Amit, Jerusalem
Bekka Youth Centre, Jerusalem	Amit Youth Centre, Jerusalem
Tel Raanan Children's Home, Jerusalem	Amit Students Residence, Jerusalem
Bait Zeirot Mizrahi Tel Aviv	Amit High School, Tel Aviv The Wolf and Julia Eisenberg Religious Comprehensive School for Girls, in partnership with Tel Aviv Municipality
Technological Religious High School, Gush Dan	Amit High School, Gush Dan Religious Technological School in partnership with Friends Association of Friends
"Allyah" Children's Village, Petah Tikva	Amit Youth Village, Petah Tikva
Kfar Batya Children's Village, Raanana	Amit, Kfar Batya, Raanana Bessie Gotsfeld Youth Center Kfar Batya High School, The Gotsfeld Junior College for Professionals
Haifa Community Centre	Amit Community Centre, Haifa
Comprehensive Religious High School, Kiryat Ata	Amit High School, Kiryat Ata Religious, Comprehensive School in partnership with Kiryat Ata Municipality
Comprehensive Religious High School, Rehovot	Amit High School, Rehovot Religious, Comprehensive School in partnership with Rehovot Municipality
Bait Zeirot Mizrahi Beersheba	Amit High School, Beersheba Religious Vocational School in partnership with Canadian project with Canadian

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Mystic, shmystic

Meir Ronnen

THE JERUSALEM Artists House is currently filled with exhibitions that purport to capture the meta-physical and mystical aspects of Judaism and Jerusalem. The almost impossible task is beyond them. Yoram Raanan, an immigrant from the U.S., already noted here for his skilled gestural abstractions in monochrome wash, is lost on canvas. His large monochrome oils, also thinly brushed, are highly formalized depictions of gloomy crowd masses, biblical scenes set in Sinai or Exile. The titles are pretty much interchangeable. Drawing, texture and composition leave too much to be desired. Raanan's only work in colour, a golden menora over a golden landscape, descends to sentimental kitsch.

Hard by are the canvases of David Rakia, overloaded with banal symbolism and Hebrew captions or lettering, in his familiar frenetic, partly linear style; there is no compositional revelation. One turns with relief to the cleverly-put-together and aesthetically mixed-media collages paintings by Yitzhak Greenfield, though one has seen exactly the same sort of thing from him on many previous occasions, perhaps even the very same works. Greenfield creates a Jerusalem from scraps of Hebrew typography and book spines, sensitively combining torn abstract watercolour shapes with his own architecture and setting Orphic suns and moons against the semi-circles of his cupolas. One work (6), which I seem to remember noting several years ago, moves nicely into the realm of pure abstraction.



Yitzhak Greenfield: "Jerusalem Transformation," collage painting (Jerusalem Artists House).

In the mezzanine, Gerard Negelsbach presents "Sefarad", a series of woodcuts illustrating the poems of Yehuda Halevi, Ibn Gavirol and Ibn Nagrella. The artist's approach is rather decorative, but efficiently brought off. A large painting on paper handsomely depicts a melange of Spanish architecture.

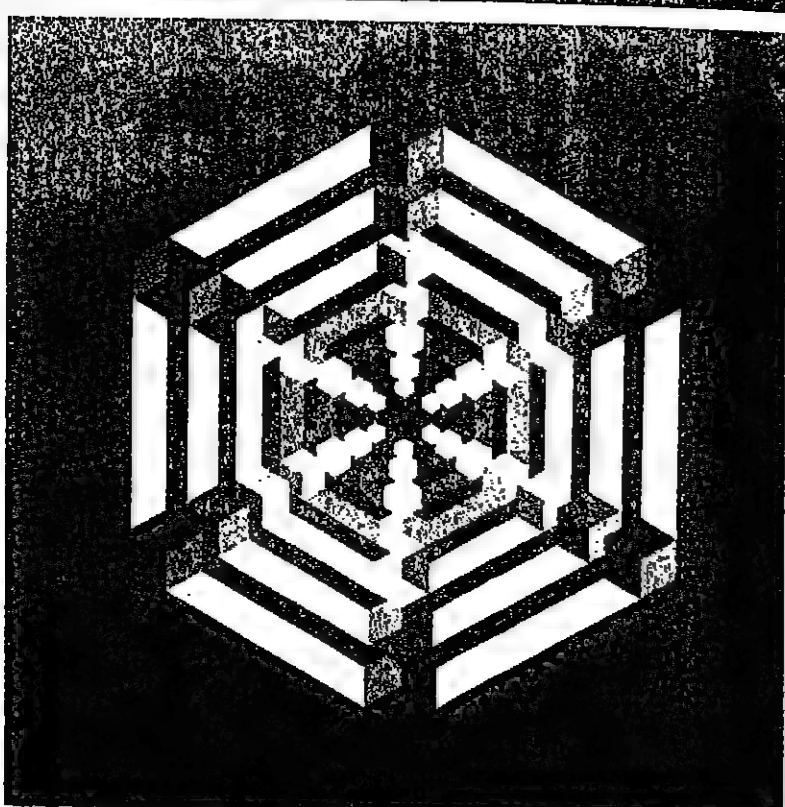
The odd-man-out in this array is Afik, who does poorly rendered oils based on Egyptian funerary painting. They lack any artistic - or any other - point. (Jerusalem Artists House). Till Sep. 12.

VETERAN JERUSALEM painter Ruth Levin shows boldly brushed



Yoram Raanan: detail of the Israelites at Mt. Sinai, oils (Jerusalem Artists House).

near abstract-expressionist landscapes that suffer from patches of muddy colour and lack of a colour policy. Levin has long used raw and burnt siennas as part of her sketched-in underpainting, a classical device dating from the days when most landscapes were rendered in brown sauce. These pigments tend to kill and dirty other colours outside their particular harmonic combinations. At the same venue, auto-didact Yehuda Zion shows landscapes one suspects are derived from art books, though a house seen in an avenue of trees is effective, mainly thanks to the bold but hardly original composition. (Alon Gallery, cnr. 51 Palmach, Tel Aviv). Till Sep. 13.



Yaacov Kaszmacher: composition (Kaszmacher, Safad).

Penitent painters

Edith Varga-Biro

AN INTERESTING new phenomenon in Israel is the blossoming of cabalistically inspired art, mostly by the newly religious from assimilated backgrounds. The Old City of Safed provides three galleries for these works, the most recent, "Gazit", in a romantic courtyard. The most singular of these works resemble Mandalas, mystic circles painted mainly in India and the Orient, but also in medieval Europe, as a visual stimulation for meditation. The themes are from the Bible and the world of Jewish mysticism. Like their Oriental counterparts, they are rendered in flaming colours and complex, concentric compositions. A good example is David Friedman's "Pardes Hatorah" which combines Torah passages and dozens of miniature symbolic configurations. Best known is Lynn-born Op-artist Yaakov Kaszmacher, who lives in Safed. He now adds letters to his meticulous hard-edged, often hexagonal compositions painted in luminous colours on a uniform background. His symbolic themes are based on numbers. His meaningful in Jewish mysticism. Demanding calligraphic works are presented by Ruth Vider and Judith Avinun, in which script and layout constitute the main ornamental element, surrounded by Mandalan-like frames.

Quite different are the imaginative and decorative paintings by Habad Hassid Barukh Nachshon, whose flaming colours and swirling brushstrokes present holy places composed into stylized panoramic visions. Yoram Raanan (reviewed last week in *The Jerusalem Post*) is the most serious of the artists exhibited. Academically trained Shaul Victor shows traditional landscapes and figures. (Gazit Courtyard Gallery, Chabad House and Kaszmacher's Gallery, all in the Old City, Safed. Open weekdays until 11 p.m.).

VETERAN Haim Nahor shows an uniform oeuvre of delicately lyrical abstractions in meticulously rendered watercolours with ink drawings. Young Baghdad-born Eli Ran shows a small metal maquette for a monument to be enlarged using computer technique. The piece is subtly constructed of geometrical elements. In a completely different, surrealist vein he presents two bronze female breasts and pelvis, east from the body, joined with what he calls an "umbilical cord" to give a flowerlike image. Avraham Sigall, from Kibbutz Matzuba, paints lush nature details with symbolic meanings in excellent oil technique. His abstract works, held to quiet tonalities and a sensual touch, are more balanced.

The exhibition is accompanied by a good leaflet, but the works on exhibition do not bear title, date or note on technique. (Haifa Municipal Bldg, 1st floor). Till Sep. 24.



Avraham Segali: ink drawing (Haifa Municipality).

Camera week

Gil Goldfine

AS THE summer months draw to a close it appears that the painters and sculptors have left town, while the photographers continue to click away. Simcha Sherman bemoans Israel's involvement in Lebanon and poetizes a personal lament with a set of black-and-white photographs, each accompanied by a hand-written statement. If one were unfamiliar with the military and political situation it would be difficult to associate the artistic influence (war and army duty) with the artistic fact. Most of Sherman's photos have been purged from the subject in that their content is disjointed and esoteric to the point that they lose universal meaning. The shots, one by one, have great merit, but as a single thrust they fall very short of the mark. (Proza Bookstore Gallery, Dizengoff Center, Tel Aviv). Till Sept. 4.

RUTH SHRAGAI began to photograph after completing studies in psychology in Hella. She currently works as a commercial photographer's assistant in Tel Aviv. Using natural light in a darkened studio situation, Shragai has photographed the female nude (actress Tami Asbanon), wrapped



Ruth Shragai: photographed model (White Gallery, Tel Aviv).

polyethylene sheeting or caving in large bolts of transparent gauze. The contrasts between live, moving, matter and inanimate material, action and passivity, strong stark light and sfumato shadowing blend into extremely aesthetic photographs. One feels the model's abandonment of restraint, willingness to cooperate. Shragai clicks away and captures mood, concept, anatomy and drama with a deft eye and quick shutter finger. She has oiled the model's skin to enhance highlights; and all too often "peeks" at an exposed nipple or sumptuous curve of flesh. But Shragai's pictures never become overtly concerned with sexuality; they are figure studies with a flair and "twist" of their own. (White Gallery, 4 Habimah Square, Tel Aviv). Till Sept. 2.

Summer's end



MARKETING WITH MARTHA

buy any brand of film you wish at the full price, but you won't have to pay for having it developed.

The importers of Sakura, a very respectable Japanese brand which is new to Israel, has been making an introductory offer of three rolls of 110 Cartridge film plus a man's digital watch for IS3,000, which is the usual price here of such film alone.

Strangely, little publicity is given to these special deals, almost as if shops were trying to hide their existence. It therefore pays to ask around to find which shops have special offers on film purchases, or combination purchase-processing deals.

WHEN I WROTE about Kodak, Agfa and Polaroid some time ago, I received a sharp letter from the local agents of the Japanese Fuji products asking why I had ignored them. The truth is that I was ignorant of the scope of Fuji activities in Israel. Nor did I know that Fuji was the official film of the recent Olympics, the firm having bought the exclusive rights to operate a processing and camera repair lab in the Los Angeles compound.

In this country, the firm is represented by Fuji Israel Ltd. of Holon, headed by Kaduri Shimone. It has been importing films for 15 years and processing them for 10. Worldwide, Shimone tells me, Fuji is today second in size and turnover, after Kodak and ahead of Agfa. Here he says, it has captured one-third of the film sales.

For the average amateur, a big question is whether there is really any noticeable difference among the various brands of film he can buy. In price range, the distinctions are clear. Kodak is the most expensive. Fuji is about 10 per cent cheaper.

And Agfa is 10 per cent cheaper than Fuji. Sometimes the price spread approaches 30 per cent, but Fuji remains somewhere in between. The newcomer, Sakura, is about the price of Agfa, or slightly higher.

Shimone told me that Fuji's big breakthrough as a serious competitor to Kodak came in January of 1983 when Fuji introduced its HR (high resolution) colour film. This is said to have a particularly sharp definition of hues plus a very low grain, the latter being important mainly for enlargements. The HR film comes in various sizes and speeds, up to 1600 ASA. Pictures should be processed and printed by a Fuji lab. There are two in the country - the main one at Holon and an express mini-lab in Tel Aviv.

As to how much an amateur's photo results are dependent on the brand of film he uses, it depends on whom you ask. The experts agree, however, that the quality of processing is at least as important as the type of film used, if not more so.

Many people never know who processes their film once they give it in to a neighbourhood shop to send away. Shops generally work with whatever lab gives them the best price deal. Customers can generally tell if finished photos came from the Fuji lab by the name on the returning envelope and on the reverse of the pictures.

In addition to its main processing and printing lab in Holon, Fuji Israel operates a one-hour-service mini-lab at Kikar Hamedina in Tel Aviv. This is its demonstration unit for businessmen who may want to become franchise agents, as well as a service lab for the public.

Express mini-labs account for an

estimated 25 per cent of the photo processing trade in Israel trade, a far higher percentage than in most other countries. Why? "Because Jews have no patience," says Shimone.

A COLLEAGUE who is a professional in black-and-white photography, but terms himself a "very experienced amateur" when it comes to colour, gave me his view on the quality of different brands of colour film. He says most of the difference among colour film brands are "matters of personal preference," rather than objective quality differences.

For instance, Kodak films are known to produce pictures with warm tones; the reds tend to be particularly vivid. Some people like this, others find it unnatural. Agfa, on the other hand, gives a cooler picture, with more blue tones. Fuji and Sakura results fall somewhere in between, closer in hues to Kodak than to Agfa.

To get a truly scientific comparison of film brands, my colleague suggests, one would have to repeat the same photos under virtually identical conditions on the same camera, using various films processed in the same lab.

This is not the sort of test most amateurs are going to do. They are more likely to try out different films at different times, and see which - if any - gives consistently more pleasing results. If they don't notice any difference, most people will opt for the cheapest.

What about the off-brands of film that one finds abroad at prices considerably below those of Kodak? These are the house-brands of chains such as Boots in Britain and K-Mart in the U.S. Who makes these? Shimone tells me that no Fuji film appears under any other name as a matter of company policy. Most of the off-brands, he claims, are made by Sakura or by J-M, the company which makes Scotch-brand tapes, including video tapes. Indeed, when I looked at a Boots' label on a roll of film at home, it did say "made by J-M." Many house-brands, however, do not divulge their source.

Sometimes films are reduced in price because their expiry date is close or passed. In most cases, slightly expired film will be all right, but you can't complain to the manufacturer or feel cheated if it gives unsatisfactory pictures. Films are generally dated two years beyond their date of production.

ONLY IN ISRAEL would a major ice-cream firm launch three new products at the end of summer unless they were specifically intended as winter ice creams, which these are not. The public relations people for Strauss Dairy apologized that their three new types were not ready as planned earlier in the season.

The most welcome of them, and one which need not be seasonal, is a dietetic ice cream, which uses no artificial sweeteners. It is simply low-calorie because it uses skim milk and less sugar than ordinary types. As a result, it claims to have only 100 calories per 100gm., which is a generous portion, more than one scoop. Ordinary ice creams have closer to 200 calories per 100gm. It comes in chocolate-vanilla only, and was launched this month at a recommended price of IS620 per 600gm.

It is recommended by Weight Watchers, with one serving considered to replace a piece of fruit plus a half glass of milk.

The second new Strauss product is, by contrast, a very rich chocolate-almond ice cream, to complement the vanilla-almond launched last year.

In the category of items apt to

provoke the cynical reaction, "Just what this country needed right now," is the third Strauss newcomer - ice lollies in the shape of Mickey Mouse. The company admits that to produce this required "a financial investment." And is obviously hoping to sell a lot of Mickey Mouses to pay this off. In lemon or strawberry, they are sold individually at kiosks, and in take-home boxes of eight lollies for IS604.

A BRIGHT SPOT in my week was meeting a trio of new immigrants from Australia. It was reassuring to learn that some immigrants are still arriving. In fact, Dena and Jonathan Lester, who came here from Sydney a year ago, have reinstated an Australian Immigrants Association, and say there are about 30 of their fellow-countrymen arriving each month. They add that some 10 per cent of Australia's Jewish community has moved to Israel over the years.

In a business venture, the Lesters have been joined by another recent Australian immigrant, Louis Melkman. Inspired by the popularity of national-linked novelty items in Australia, which capitalize on everything from the flag to the koala bear, the trio has formed two parallel companies called Israelianna Productions and Israelianna Photos. The former will concentrate on T-shirts and sweatshirts, the latter on picture postcards.

To launch the T-shirts, again a little belatedly for summer, Israelianna Productions came out last week with a line which, as a matter of fact, does not do much to promote Israel. There is, for instance, a Marilyn Monroe shirt, designed after an Andy Warhol collage, and another with a comic-strip design. These high-fashion T-shirts, made from light, single-rib cotton, are available in boutiques in several towns for around IS2,500-IS3,000.

A gimmick of these T-shirts is a certificate accompanying each one stating that it is one of a limited edition and giving it a number. The only Israel promotion lies in the slogan on the label, "Helping to keep Israel beautiful." The sweatshirts are promised towards winter.

The Israelianna postcards are large, glossy and will sell for a price equivalent to 45 U.S. cents. They are made in conjunction with an Israeli partner who took most of the 16 beautiful photos of Israeli scenes and faces. The newcomers are going to have a tough job penetrating the local market in face of the virtual monopoly held for decades by Palphoto.

OTHER "new immigrants" to Israel this month included 5,004 (sic) Cab-bage Patch Kids. These are the winsomely ugly rag dolls the Americans were rioting over last Christmas. The local importers, Kaufman Agencies of Tel Aviv, lost a lot of sleep negotiating for a sizeable shipment here from the Coleco Company of Canada. The Kids will be "adopted" (with certificates) through the Fantasia chain of toy shops throughout the country, first by parents who ordered them in advance, and then by others willing and able to pay the equivalent of \$40 apiece. U.S. tourists are expected to grab up many of them to take home, as they are still scarce abroad, and cost about the same here.

In the made-in-Israel category, Kaufman Agencies is doing a lively business, particularly with tourists, in a Hebrew spell-and-spell type game called Hebrew Letra-Mix by Didacta Ltd. It was reissued this year, and sells for the equivalent of about \$8 within Israel and less at the airport duty-free shop.

Martha Meisels

PAGE NINE

LAWRENCE RIFKIN gets back into the cockpit of an Israel Air Force trainer.

"I'M GOING TO DO A Flick Roll," the young officer sitting in the front cockpit said.

I braced myself. I remembered my instructor's showing me one of these maneuvers when I was a flight cadet in the Israel Air Force five years before. I remembered that a Flick Roll is a somewhat wobbly 360-degree rolling movement around the length of the fuselage which takes about a second, and during that second, the g-forces vary between one half and five. I remembered that it is a bit difficult to keep one's eye on the horizon during such a maneuver - and keeping an eye on the horizon is one of the best ways of avoiding vertigo and, even worse, throwing up.

"Ready?" he asked, his voice scratchy over the earphones in my helmet.

What the hell.

The young segen rammed his controls to the left, and I watched the horizon on that side rise up and over the trainer's canopy until it disappeared on the right. I swung back to the left to catch it on its way back up. The brown desert floor became hazy blue sky, and the upside-down horizon continued its way around the canopy until the plexiglas was filled with the deep blue of the high heavens and the horizon sent itself right side up. I had kept my eyes on the horizon and avoided vertigo, and even worse. But it didn't stop.

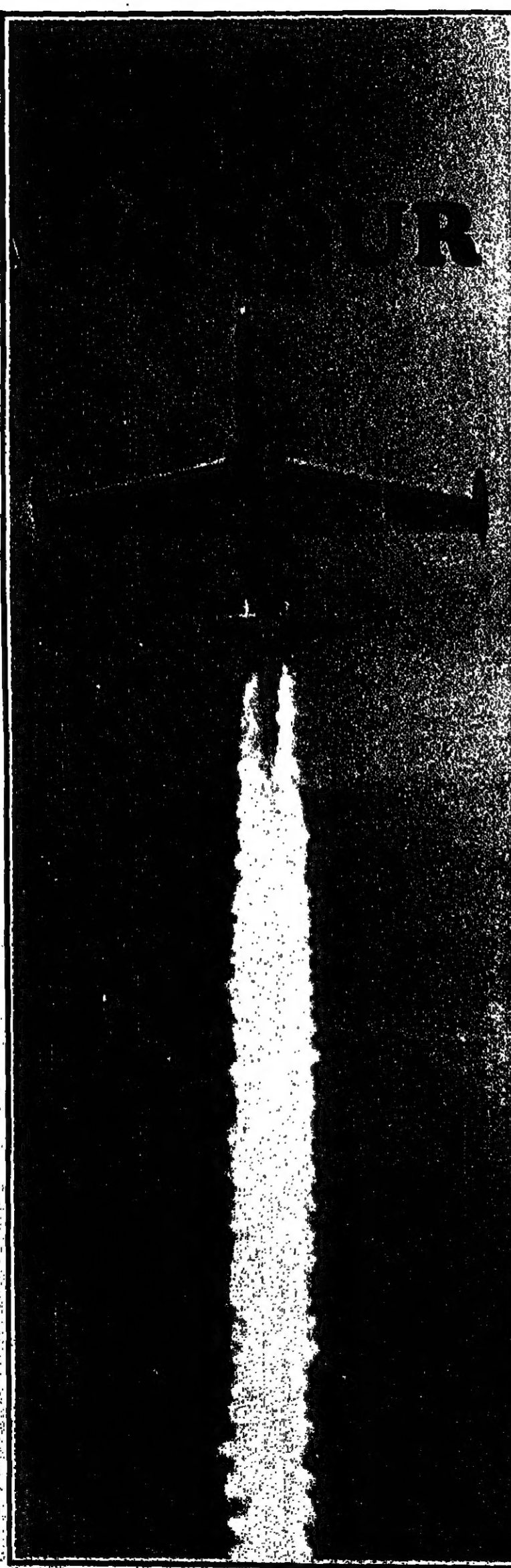
The young segen's Flick Roll became Flick Rolls as we wobbled through a second, and a third, and a fourth...until I began feeling my breakfast considering a ballistics test. I had been keeping my eyes on the spinning horizon, but apparently all the horizons on every planet in every galaxy wouldn't help me after two or three of the young segen's Flick Rolls.

I remembered flying with all those hot-dog instructors who didn't like to call it a day unless they had managed to induce at least one happy cadet to throw up. But I had always managed to hang on, and as I remembered that not a single one of the young hot-dogs had ever made me commit the ultimate indignity, the feeling began to pass. Apparently, I had not forgotten the technique for disappointing the instructor: just remember that anyone unable to keep his peristaltics in one direction has to clean up the cockpit on landing.

I HAD BEEN invited to fly the air force's Tzukit, a Fouga rebuilt and updated by Israel Aircraft Industries and being used as the air arm's primary and basic pilot trainer. I had been asked to write an article on the Tzukit for a defence magazine, and had made the flight request rather diffidently after having had a number of previous requests turned down by the IAF, which probably thought Howard Hughes everything he knew about opening himself up to outside scrutiny.

Thus, it came as quite a surprise when the army spokesman's office woke me up early one morning asking what size flight overalls, boots and helmet I would need.

Walking into the base on the day of the flight, I used to wait at that very gate once every three Fridays (sometimes every four or five Fridays),



salivating at the thought of getting home in time to do everything I wanted to do (mostly sleep) before having to return to base on Saturday night.

Up ahead was the courtyard from which we marched to meals day in, day out. (I once heard an instructor say that learning to keep in rhythm without concentrating would come in handy the day we needed to remember the sequence for ejecting from a fighter loaded with volatile jet fuel and about to explode.)

Then there was the dairy Shekem, where the sexy, husky-voiced blonde sold toast and Pril and muttered (jokingly, I found out) the number of the flight line where she would meet you under a sheltering wing when she went off duty.

But it was after suiting up, getting a briefing on the coming flight from the young lieutenant, and exiting the squadron building for the flight line, that the flow of memories increased to a torrent of monsoon proportions. Some people call it an odour, while others, less offended, just call it a smell, but to me, jet fuel being run through combustion chambers and blown out of the back of jet engines is a fragrance, and was the catalyst needed to propel me back in time.

Faeca started coming to me. Flight Cadet Z, now a Kfir pilot, appeared with his usual smile and terrible joke. Ray Scen L, an instructor, fighter pilot and marksman of some renown in the air force for having shot down an impressive number of MIGs despite one eye's habit of drifting off to some distant planet whenever a cadet's question went on too long, appeared with his usual hunchbacked walk.

Cadet D, who had a habit of landing and walking over to the nearest trash bin, opening the zip-pers of just about every pocket in his overalls and removing innumerable plastic bags filled with his not-so-digested lunch (later, as a Skyhawk pilot, he was rumoured to have reduced the number to one or two), appeared in his usual greenish tint.

Then there was Scen R, telling me, as I was about to pull away from the flight line for my very first solo flight, not to smear myself all over his runway (which I came very close to doing) and, after landing, to keep my machismo in my pants (which, after having almost splattered myself all over his runway, was not so difficult). And then there appeared Cadet F, who in the end did smear himself all over Scen R's runway.

SEGEN W, who with his reddish-blond hair, clear blue eyes and clean-shaven face is an air force PR man's dream, taxied us out to Scen R's runway (which, in the past five years, had seen many more first solo triumphs and, I'm sure, another tragedy or two), received clearance for take-off and steered us into the cloudless July sky. He had been a cadet several classes behind mine, and though I and my classmates had mocked the newly-arrived "fresh meat" as they were ordered to run to some distant landmark and back in a ridiculously fast time while some skinny clerk began to process them, this former fresh meat was now not only my pilot, but a man entrusted with an ultra-sophisticated, multi-million-dollar F-16 in a profession which, as Tom Wolff wrote in *The*

Right Stuff, "presented a man, on a perfectly sunny day, with more ways to get himself killed than his wife and children could imagine in their wildest fears."

We flew out to a low-level practice area between Beersheba and Dimona for some blurring 260-knot runs at just above naught metres, and then turned toward a high-level training zone to the west. On the way, we joined in loose formation with the IAF aerobatic team, a group of flight-academy instructors who demonstrate their flying skill and the stability of their Tzukits with low-level maneuvers at rather close quarters. They were practicing for Air Force Day exhibitions and the graduation of new pilots scheduled for the following week. At this point I completely forgot where I was and concentrated on photographing the team while following them in their loops and rolls.

IT IS WHILE doing these loops and rolls and dives and climbs that a person can feel the ultimate freedom of flight. Being absolutely unfettered in all the physical dimensions unleashes a plethora of emotions which are normally suppressed under the gravitational bonds of Earth.

What's more, it is during aerobatics that one gets the impression of being at the centre of everything. Watching the earth rotating around you during a simple roll maneuver, never mind during more complicated aerobatics, you feel that it is not so much the airplane that is at your beck and call, but the whole comprehensible universe.

And a man may feel himself something of a deity (or perhaps even God Himself) during a twilight run in a high-performance aircraft over the sea at wave-top level when he punches into afterburner, points his mount's nose straight up until he hits 30,000 feet of altitude and notices that he has made the sun come back up for a final curtain call.

It is really no wonder that fighter pilots rate right up there with surgeons for sheer ego.

We continued out to the high-level training area for a number of aerobatic sequences including Barrel Rolls, Cuban Eight, Immelmans, Split S's and the like, and put the aircraft through a couple of stalls and spins.

It was here that the young segen tried out his Flick Rolls on me. After I recovered from the experience, I heard the magic phrase: "Aia lake ah."

THE WORDS CAME through the earphones in my helmet as clear as a bell and sounding just as wonderful as they had when I last heard them five years before. "You take it."

I wrapped my right hand around the contoured control stick between my knees, placed my boots on the rudder pedals and curled the fingers of my left hand around the twin throttles mounted on the left-side control panel. My actions and reply came automatically, even after all that time: "Aia lake ah - I've got it."

I cautiously moved the stick, pedals and throttles a bit, just to keep the young segen honest. He was. I took the stick to the right and applied a little rudder. The plane banked in the same direction and the nose came around smartly. I gave it some

more bank until we were dipping at 45 degrees. I reversed the process and banked 45 degrees to the left. Then back to the right, and once more to the left. I judged there to be enough altitude (one can never be too sure at 10,000 feet) and threw the whole works back to the right until we were banking at almost 90 degrees. I pushed the throttles forward to help keep altitude, and pulled back on the stick to make the turn as tight as possible.

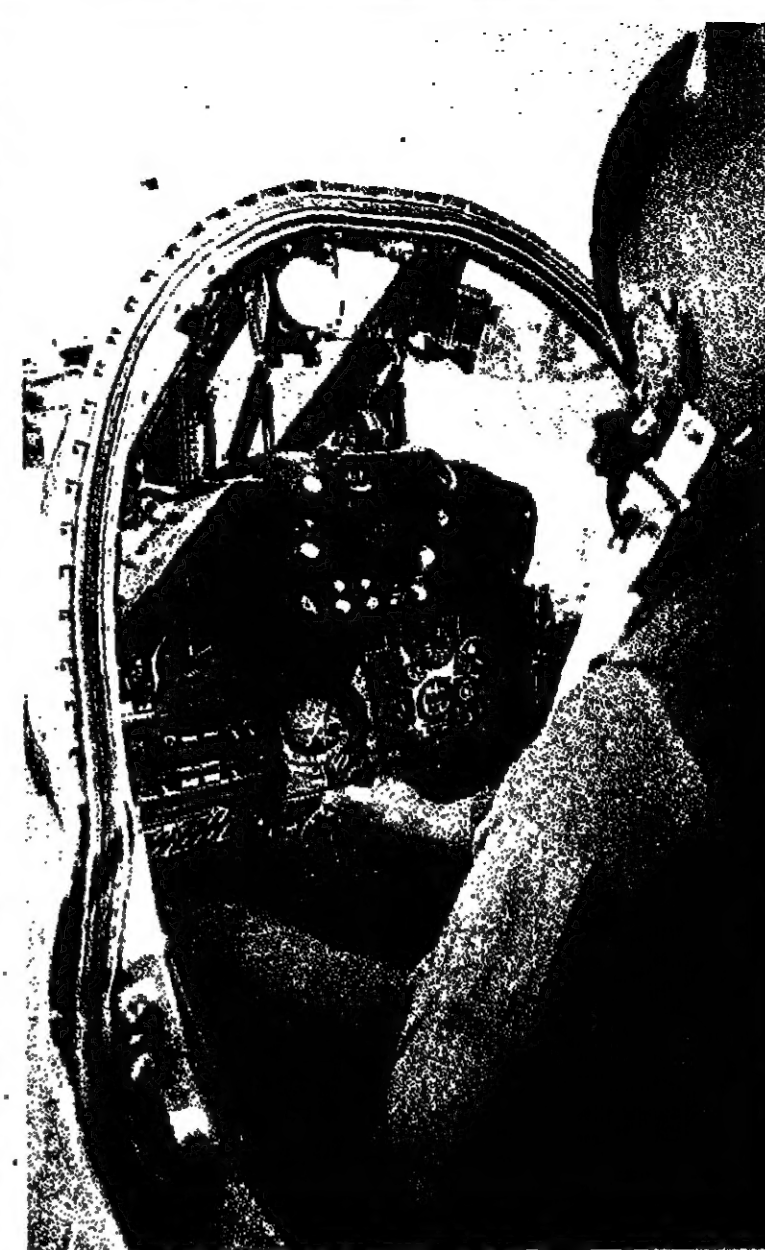
The g-forces caused by this rather emphatic change in direction built up until they hit four, meaning that we were being pushed down in our seats at weights four times as heavy as our normal readings. I glanced out to the right and found myself looking straight down at Khan Yunis in the Gaza Strip.

I held the 90 degrees and four g's. My helmet pressed down against my scalp, and the weight of it and my head together felt as if the world and its problems had moved from my shoulders to one of my upper vertebrae.

THE SWEAT began pouring down my face from unseen floodgates; some of it got into my eyes and stung fiercely, which in turn made them water. I took my left hand from the throttles and, fighting the added weight induced by the four g's, dabbed at my eyes.

I held the bank and turned once more to look straight down at the landscape revolving around the right wing-tip. I noticed my peripheral vision getting dim - I was beginning to succumb to "grey out," which occurs when the g's build up and drain the blood from one's head and pool it in the legs and abdomen.

The retinas are among the first points in the head that the blood



vacates, and when this happens, the vision begins to go. Grey-out is the first of two stages, the second being black-out, which occurs when the retinas become almost totally starved of blood. But unlike the other, better-known type of black-out, this kind leaves one awake and even alert - just blind, which can be rather disconcerting at a few hundred kilometres per hour.

I tensed my abdominal muscles in an attempt to stem the blood drain, but the grey borders in my eyes remained. I decided that my honour was at stake (never mind my ego) and held the turn. Then the floodgates opened again and sweat once more blurred my already-dimmed vision, and the world's problems became unbearable on that upper vertebra.

I began to question my honour, but before I could say or do anything about it the young segen came over the earphones, telling me something to the effect that we'd been totating above the same spot for almost a minute, and didn't I want to see any of the other wonderful sights the area had to offer? Rescued at last from lost honour and permanent physical damage, I summoned the mandatory amount of air from my g-laden lungs and grunted into my face-mask microphone the longest sentence I could master in the circumstances.

"Sure."

I straightened out and, now that the g's had retreated to their lair and I had better control of my lung power, I was able to gather enough strength to utter an even longer sentence.

"Aia lake ah."

Five years is a long time since finding oneself in a jet cockpit and besides, in terms of skill, the time

also takes its toll physically. Where I had once been able to whip a jet through its paces at up to six g's without any fuss or bother, I had been five years younger then, not to mention several kilograms lighter and in much better shape. So I didn't feel too bad about my less-than-stellar performance at the controls. I was just happy to be back in flight overalls, a helmet and an oxygen mask and reliving some very fine moments.

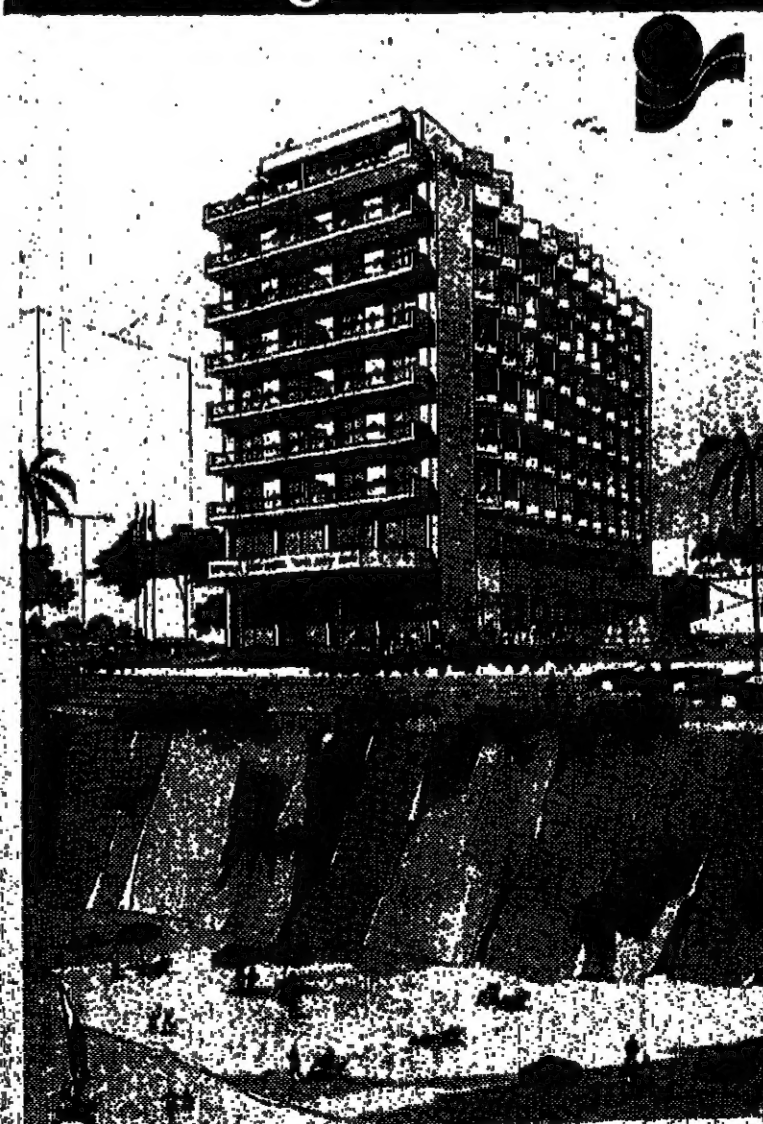
WE LANDED soon after, and went into the squadron building for coffee and a debriefing. It was here that some faces from my past really did appear when a number of instructors, who had trained with me as cadets and were now segens and serens, walked into the office.

After an exchange of pleasantries and the usual questions, they went back to their business of turning fresh meat into pilots, and I was left to wonder at the way a bunch of goofy, gangly young boys can shed the boisterousness of their youth to become such serious young men in so short a time.

When a cadet, or a full-fledged pilot for that matter, takes off in a high-performance jet, the freedom and sheer joy of flying can retrieve the goofy-kid persona in all of them, even with Tom Wolff's sobering statement on pilots and sunny days lurking in their minds like sinister curmudgeons.

But put these joyous pilots up in front of angry people on the ground, or in other aircraft throwing deadly chunks of metal in their direction with every intention of doing bodily harm, then those goofy, gangly young men grow up very quickly. Most of them, with a lot of skill and a little luck, will even grow old. □

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From Lenin to Rembrandt

Post Art Editor MEIR RONNEN looks at the astonishing career of billionaire art patron Dr. Armand Hammer, whose travelling exhibition, Five Centuries of Masterpieces, opens at the Israel Museum on September 18.

THIS MONTH the Israel Museum opens what promises to be the most exciting and varied show of classical painting ever seen in this country, the Armand Hammer Collection of Five Centuries of Masterpieces.

This travelling show, of some 90 oils, oil sketches and drawings, runs the gamut from Durer and Raphael to Mary Cassatt, Andrew Wyeth and a cowboy picture by Frederic Remington. In between are magnificent paintings like Rembrandt's "Juno" — the greatest painting still in private hands — and Rubens' "Young Woman with Curly Hair", and an equally wonderful Rembrandt pen drawing of a beggar and a woman. The collection throws together Van Gogh and a Gilbert Stuart portrait of George Washington, an Andrea del Sarto and a wonderfully sentimental painting of a lovely young herring seller by Sir John Millais. There is a drawing by Michelangelo and a splendid life-like still life by America's first great "photo-realist", the 19th century painter William Michael Harnett. Or you can contrast John Singer Sargent's magnificently flamboyant portrait of Dr. Pozzi with the brilliantly rendered drawing of Mrs. Charles Badham by Ingres.

The names ring out with the resonance of their artistic Valhalla: Titian, Tiepolo, Boucher, Fragonard, Chardin, Willems, Goya, Gericault, Corot, Sisley, Seurat, Monet, Manet, Boudin, Pissarro, Cezanne, Matisse, Moreau, Renoir, Degas, Toulouse-Lautrec, Fautou-Latour, Gauguin, Bernard, Bonnard, Vuillard, Derain, Soutine, Yamovich, Redon, Ensor, Laurence, and Picasso. There are a whole series of drawings from Gauguin's Breton sketchbook.

To find Remington and Wyeth in this company may strike some as a bad joke, yet visitors to the show are bound to be struck by the poetry of the American, rather minor, masters.

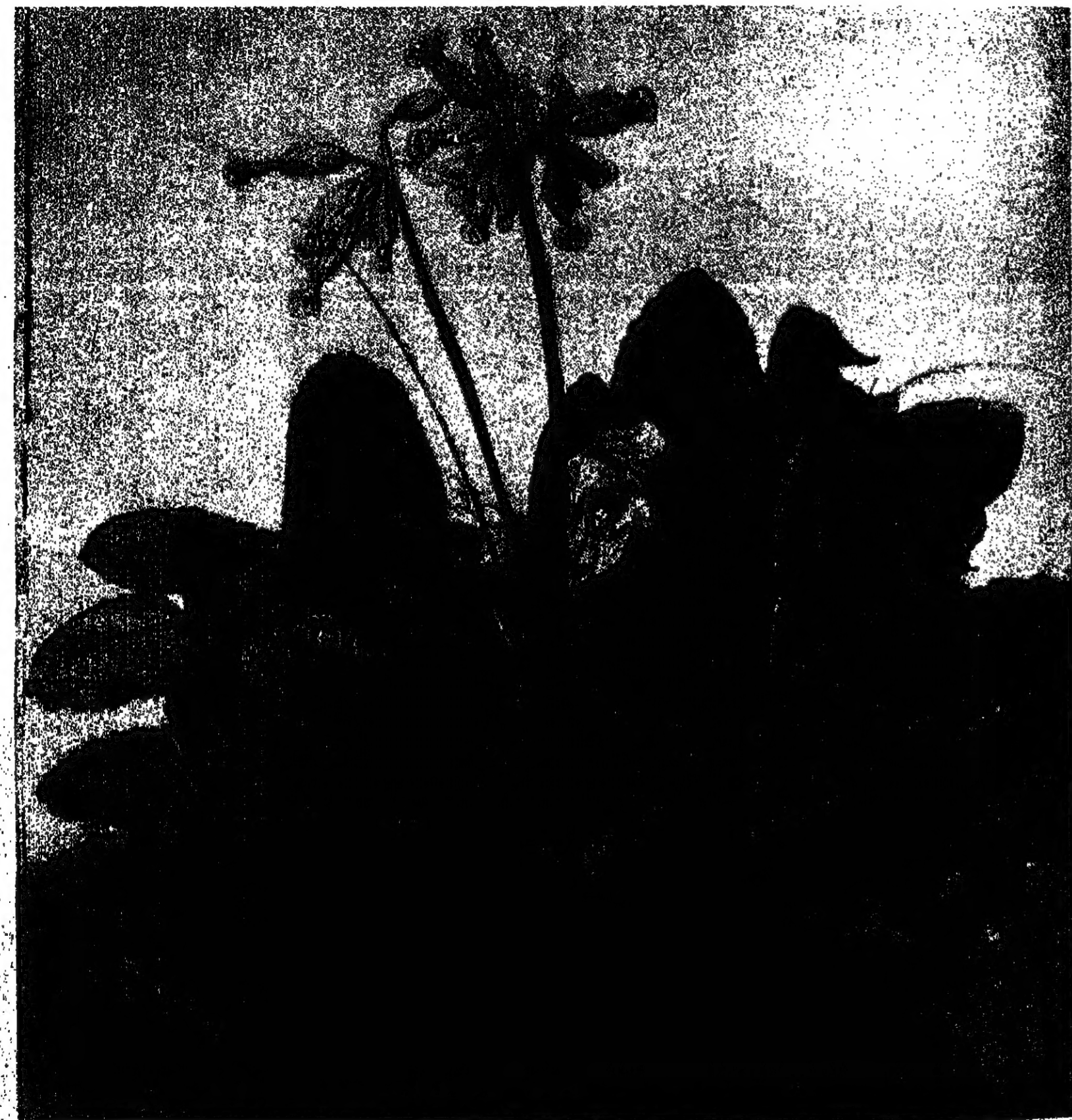
THE MAN who put this marvellous pot-pourri together is an international wheeler-dealer who made his first million while still at medical school in New York; and who founded his immense fortune and first art collection in Soviet Russia right after the revolution, when he was only 24, under the personal aegis of Lenin himself. He is Armand Hammer, an American doctor who never practised, grandson of a Jewish immigrant from Russia.

This American capitalist, but ex-cathedra, has always remained very much persona grata in Moscow. One recalls photos of him with Mikoyan, Khrushchev, Brezhnev and others, as well as with American presidents.

His own Jewish forebears were making their way in important Russian circles long before Jews were in any way acceptable in society there. His paternal great-grandfather, Vladimir, was a millionaire warship builder during the reign of Czar Nicholas (1796-1855). Hammer's grandfather, William, was wiped out when a Cyprian flood dissolved his

fortune in stored salt and he moved to America in 1875. His son Julius, Armand's father, became a foundry hand, then a tinsmith who manufactured many of his products, while simultaneously studying medicine. Armand was born on the Lower East Side of New York in 1898. He at first followed in his father's footsteps and obviously inherited the tremendous energy of his forebears.

WHILE STUDYING for his medical degree at Columbia, Armand helped expand his father's share-



(Above) *Tufts of Cowslips* by Albrecht Durer (1471-1528). (Top) Armand Hammer.

mautical firm and made a million dollars. Because he had to wait six months after graduation to begin his internship at Bellevue, he organized a medical rescue mission to the Soviet Union. That was in 1921. The revolution was just over and typhus was raging in the Urals. Young Hammer paid for his own field hospital.

Once there he soon realized that the starving Russians needed food more than doctors or medicine. He arranged for shipments of American

grain to the Soviet Union. In return, these ships were filled with Soviet products which were sold in the United States, so that more grain could be purchased.

Hammer became an instant folk hero. Lenin asked to see him and they took to each other at once. Lenin offered Hammer business concessions. Within a short time, he had established an import-export business, representing 38 leading American manufacturers, including Ford, Alcoa, General Electric, Rubber and Underwood Typewriter. His American tractor began the mechanization of Soviet agriculture.

Hammer's first concession in the Soviet Union was a marginally profitable asbestos mine in the Ural Mountains; then came permission to own and operate the first pencil factory in Moscow, which was extremely profitable. But it was the import-export business that expanded beyond his wildest dreams. Hammer settled in Moscow, rented an old palace and while de-



(Above left) *Juno* by Rembrandt van Rijn (1606-1669). (Right) *Still Life* by William Michael Harnett (1848-1892).



(Above left) *Mrs. Charles Badham* by Jean-Auguste-Dominique Ingres (1780-1867). (Right) *Young Woman with Curly Hair* by Rubens.

corating it, developed an interest in art — and the means to get his fortune out of the Soviet Union. He sent for his younger brother Victor, who had studied art history at Princeton. Together they bought, for next to nothing, the jewels of Czarist Russia: 18th century French furniture, Aubusson rugs, Sevres china, Faberge objects, Meissen porcelain, which were being brought to the Soviet Commission stores by starving aristocrats and the impoverished middle class.

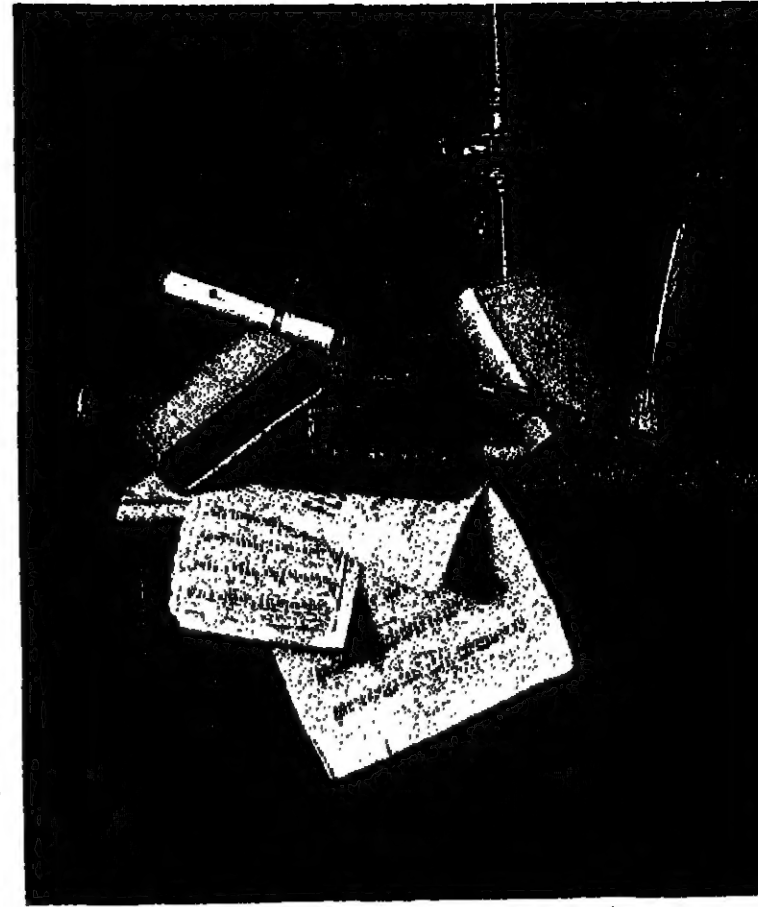
Around 1928 a New York dealer with an eye for the main chance offered Hammer a partnership, but Hammer bought him out when the stockmarket collapsed, thus establishing the Hammer Galleries. (Much later, in 1971, Hammer purchased New York's prestigious Knoedler Gallery as well).

THE HAMMERS left Russia in 1930, before Stalin got a firm grip on matters, taking all their loot with them, having paid their nominal taxes. They gradually sold it off

through Hammer Galleries, thus turning their rubles into dollars at a fantastic rate of exchange. Armand also ran a private bank in Paris, discounting Soviet notes and making something like 70% on each transaction.

During the Second World War Hammer built America's first distillery to make something that had long been produced in East Europe: alcohol from potatoes; an astute move for grain spirits were then embargoed. After the war he went into grain spirits too and built up an unknown Kentucky bourbon brand, J.W. Dant, into a company selling over a million cases a year. He sold his liquor empire in 1954 and two years later found himself at the head of Occidental Petroleum.

Hammer entered the petroleum business by lending Occidental money to drill him two wells. Both came in successfully. Since then, he has built what was a tiny company into an integrated energy corporation with sales of over \$19 billion.



dealing in coal, fertilizers, agriculture and specialty chemicals, plastics, metal treating and plating, in addition to its crude oil and natural gas interests.

THE YEARS in Russia had provided Hammer with the stimulus for a lifelong interest in art, and not just for his own satisfaction. Hammer has organized numerous exchange exhibitions of great art between the U.S. and the Soviet Union, including the first major loan of Impressionist and Post-Impressionist paintings from the Hermitage in Leningrad. More recently, also from the Hermitage, he arranged the loan of Leonardo de Vinci's "The Benois Madonna" along with several other Italian Renaissance paintings. Says Hammer, "Somehow, art can take us beyond our everyday selves and gives us a chance to share a common bond of wonder and delight — and friendship."

Toward that end, a little over a decade ago, he began putting together the collection that now spans 500 years, from the Renaissance to 1980.

The collection has since been seen in Tokyo, Moscow, Stockholm, Caracas, Mexico City, Edinburgh, Paris, and the People's Republic of China, as well as 23 cities in the United States.

THE PURCHASE of over 4,000 lithographs by Honore Daumier from the George Longstreet Collection in 1976 was the beginning of Hammer's second travelling collection: the "Armand Hammer Daumier Collection" is the world's largest private Daumier collection. An exhibition of 250 of the most important works in this collection has travelled to seven cities in the United States as well as to Mexico, England, Norway, Scotland and Peru.

In December 1980 came Dr. Hammer's celebrated acquisition of the "Codex Hammer" (formerly the "Codex Leicester") by Leonardo da Vinci. The manuscript featuring Leonardo's notes on the nature and movement of water, cosmology and dozens of other subjects has since been exhibited in Washington, D.C., Los Angeles, Baltimore, London, Florence, Paris, Edinburgh, Stockholm, Moscow, and Leningrad.

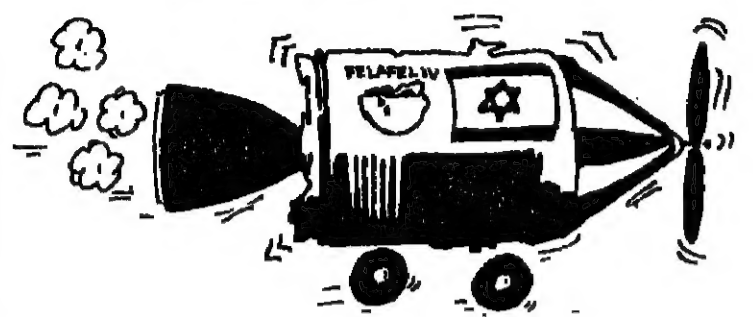
Hammer, who came here (un-announced) for the first time last year, has promised that the Leonardo and Daumier shows will come to the Israel Museum next year. It is expected that he will arrive this month for the opening of "500 Years."

Hammer has given millions to museums and art institutions around the world but nothing, so far, to Israel. In 1965, he donated his personal major collection of Old Masters paintings to the University of Southern California. He has bequeathed his current three collections to the Los Angeles County Museum of Art, of which he is a trustee, and to the National Gallery of Art in Washington, D.C.

The Armand Hammer Foundation was formed with the express purpose of "making possible exchanges of art, sponsoring medical research and promoting international understanding for the progress of people everywhere." Some of the medical research includes work at the Armand Hammer Center for Cancer Research at the Salk Institute in La Jolla, California, and at the Julius and Armand Hammer Sciences Center at Columbia University.

The Hammer show at the Israel Museum, opening September 18, will be on view until January 5.

THE (VERY) HIGH HOLIDAYS



Friday at sunset is the time for Jewish women throughout the world to light the Sabbath candles. Unless, of course, there is no sunset and she is not on Earth.

The former chief rabbi of Israel has decided that Judith Resnick, the first Jewish woman astronaut, cannot observe the Sabbath or holidays because they simply do not exist "out there."

The Jewish space traveller could pose many other challenges to Jewish theology. Like try and find a kosher butcher out there.

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Violent Viet vets

A FEW YEARS ago someone — it may have been me — rather snottily observed that because the Americans who fought in Vietnam were largely of a nonliterary generation, little good fiction had come out of that war. Well, someone — could it be me? — was wrong.

Sure, most "artistic response" to the war is still in the form of film, reportage, oral history and drama. But in recent years, as the Viet Vets have managed to get their heads on, we've witnessed a quiet but steady stream of good Vietnam war novels. Notable among these have been *Going after Cacciato*, *Fields of Fire* and *The Thirteenth Valley*. Now we may add Stephen Wright's *Meditations in Green* to that list. In fact, we may very well place it at the top.

In alternating sections Wright presents the story of James Griffin's experiences with the 106th Military Intelligence Group in Vietnam and his "readjustment period" back in the U.S. Two threads bind war and peace for Griffin. The first is his buddy Trips, who tripped through the war on a variety of hallucinogenics and who is now trying to involve our hero in murdering their former sergeant. The second binding thread, thin, pure white but as sturdy and as lethal as a hangman's rope, is heroin, which Griffin got into in Vietnam and which he can't get out of now.

SINCE the shattering experience of the war, Griffin has apparently tried everything to get himself back together. His current therapy, under the guidance of a guru named Arden, involves communing with the plant world in hopes of achieving a kind of placid organic unity. But Griffin's "meditations in green" have the unsettling effect of conjuring up those not so salubrious salad days in green U.S. Army combat fatigues out there in the verdant jungles of Southeast Asia.

Griffin recalls his tour of duty as one long and very bad acid trip, which may be as good a description

MEDITATIONS IN GREEN by Stephen Wright. New York, Scribners. 342 pp. \$14.95.

S.T. Meravi

as any of the American involvement in Vietnam. Young lads off the farm stagger about in a drugged haze; urban black draftees glower in their own quarters where no white dares enter; officers fear (and rightly) assassination at the hands of their own men; CIA agents grimly wire truck batteries to prisoners' eyeballs; generals discuss cost effectiveness as they order oceans of herbicide sprayed over the jungle cover; and everyone talks about Charlie but no one knows what to do about him, much less find him before he finds them.

If there is humor here, it is hardly the madcap merriment of *Catch-22*. Instead, it is the U.S. serviceman's creative brand of gallows humor. Example: "At Fire Base Hula every one was a mole. The gun crews slept in stinking dirt caves and ate their cold C-rations meals squatting in the trenches. The last man to take a peek over the top had developed a third eye and seen paradise."

If there is horror here, it is the timeless horror of war, but with a macabre Vietnamese twist. Yes, when the rescue team reaches the downed helicopter, they predictably find the murdered crew with their severed genitals in their mouths. But they are also suspended by their necks on bicycle chains from the rotor blades of the aircraft.

AND IF there is madness here, it is something beyond the madness that traditionally attends war. In a sentence paragraph that I cannot help but quote in full, Wright encapsulates all too well why the scars of Vietnam are taking so long to heal:

"During the day Griffin couldn't keep his finger off the trigger of the M-60 machine gun mounted on a wooden table inside the bunker.

That cool metallic curve. Framed in the window slot before him was a continuous showing of the full-color travelogue *Welcome to Beautiful Vietnam*. Those women in their black silk pants, green rice fields and conical hats, the brown children with sticks perched atop the water buffalo, lumbering flanks, dark massive horns, solid as tanks, how much metal to bring one down? How many seconds — his finger stroked thoughtfully — from *National Geographic* to Gray's *Anatomy*? His stubbled chin rested against the plastic butt of the gun. Muzzle velocities, trajectories, impact patterns. All this physics concentrated in the soft tip of his finger. They had weapons under their blouses, Sarge, they wouldn't stop. His tongue slid out, touched metal. Yes, death might very likely taste like that. The buffalo he'd pay for, of course, in monthly deductions from his salary. At the sound of an approaching motorboat he swiveled the gun to the left and sighted on a small red Honda bouncing through the field toward the perimeter, its rider, a Vietnamese teenager, outfitted in black pointed-toe boots, crimson velvet pants, blue satin shirt, and white ten-gallon hat. A cassette recorder strapped to the handle bars blasted out Blind Faith, almost completely obscuring the boy's familiar cries of 'Acid, speed, grass, and scag; acid, speed, grass, and scag.' The milkman. His daily rounds."

STEPHEN WRIGHT, who is currently working on a second novel at Iowa University, spent most of his time in Vietnam in military intelligence, studying aerial photos and marking suspicious areas for obliteration by bombs. His job classification was "image interpreter." The images he has assembled in *Meditations in Green* are easy enough to interpret. But beneath their bitterness, cynicism and horror is an all but smothered, tiny green shoot of humanity seeking light and air. That is the relief one finds from the sense of grieving sadness this book creates in the reader — that and the reaffirmation of the power of fiction to get at the truth.

Poverty and angst

"WRITING the short story, if one has that gift, is a good way to begin writing seriously. It demands form as it teaches it, although I've met some who would rather not be taught. They say that the demands of form interfere with their freedom to express themselves. But no good writer writes only as he pleases. He writes for a purpose, an idea, an effect; he writes to make himself understood and felt."

There are 25 stories, whose thematic similarity will come as no surprise to admirers of Malamud's shorter fiction. His "writing about Jews, in celebration and expiation," covers the Lower East Side world of bakers, shoemakers, tailors, students and grocers. What these New York Jews have in common is poverty and a spiritual angst that is rarely relieved. Malamud refuses to let his characters (or his audience) off the hook. Old men desire young women. They are humiliated by rejected. Hard-working husband and wives peer into the cold, brittle antechamber of old age, and search for a way to end their lives in peace and relative comfort. Who are they kidding? For Malamud's characters, the most desired elements in their claustrophobic atmosphere are love

THE STORIES OF BERNARD MALAMUD by Bernard Malamud. London, Chatto & Windus, 350 pp. \$12.50.

Richard Penniman

and money. Malamud makes them as easy to capture as mercury on a varnished dance floor. If God seems to have little pity for these grocers and tailors, Malamud has less. Readers in search of happy endings are kindly requested to make a hard left at the next paragraph.

I am not a fan of Bernard Malamud, the novelist. The fact that I like his short stories is in no way (I think) a self-contradiction. It is far easier to endure the silence of God for 12 to 20 pages than for 300 to 400. As Malamud himself says, "I love the pleasures of the short story. One of them is the fast payoff. Whatever happens happens quickly."

FOR ME, the great value of Malamud as a writer is the harsh light of self-appraisal he challenges the reader to stand under. The relationship of man to himself, to his family, and to his God comes under unflinching scrutiny. Malamud provides deep,

primordial pools (that smell suspiciously like chicken-soup) for the reader to dive into. The following is from "The Mourners," a story about a landlord trying to evict a sick old man from his building.

"Gruber was frightened at the extent of Kessler's suffering. Maybe I should let him stay, he thought. Then as he watched the old man, he realized he was bunched up there on the floor engaged in an act of mourning. There he sat, white from fasting, rocking back and forth, his beard dwindled to a shade of itself.

Something's wrong here — Gruber tried to imagine what and found it all oppressive. He felt he ought to run out, get away, but then saw himself fall and go tumbling down the five flights of stairs; he groaned at the broken picture of himself lying at the bottom. Only he was still there in Kessler's bedroom, listening to the old man praying. Somebody's dead, Gruber muttered. He figured Kessler had got bad news, yet instinctively he knew he hadn't. Then it struck him with a terrible force that the mourner was mourning him: It was he who was dead."

The stories of Bernard Malamud are not picture-windows. The space is cramped, and the reader has to bend over to look out. It's an uncomfortable position. Malamud's point of view will rest no one's eyes. But if you want to be disturbed by a master of his craft, buy the book.

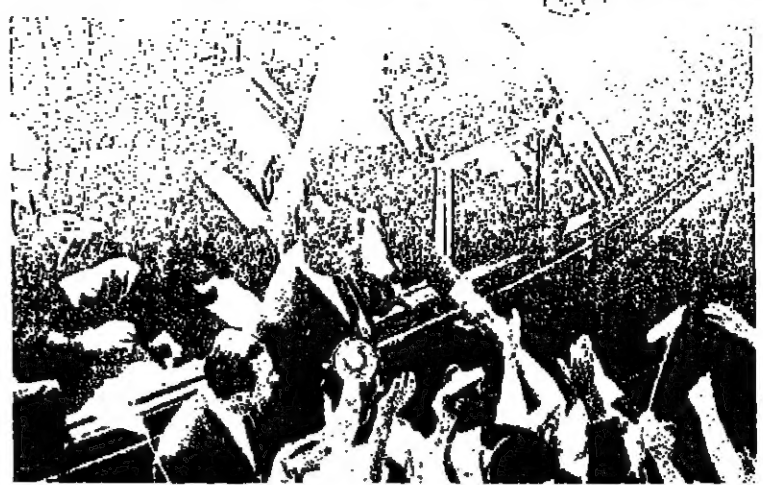
TURNED UP on the day Kennedy was buried. The next week, I thought I had a Beatles record.

Everybody alive at the time remembers the time even if they don't know that they remember. The time was on television and it was still a photograph of film. It was a time of image and celebratory images, because they — the Kennedys — made it should be written *Kennedys*, for they became, even before that day in November, a concept beyond flesh and blood — were the first to understand that politics is celebration.

Maybe they didn't know how they were doing what it was they were doing to the consciousness of all those people who turned 12, or 13 or even 15, that long weekend that began with an announcement over the school public address system, and ended years later — for some with exile from America entirely, for others in Jacuzzi baths and cocaine.

There haven't been any heroes for us since, and even during those few years a few years ago when the revisionists went to work on the dead president's Vietnam policy, or on proving he hadn't really done much for civil rights in terms of legislation, or began rewriting history — it didn't matter, for us at least, for my generation, for which Kennedy's murder and the arrival of the Beatles were so cosmically coincidental.

Camelot again



A HERO FOR OUR TIME: An intimate story of the Kennedy Years by Ralph G. Martin. New York, Macmillan. 596 pp. \$19.95.

Robert Rosenberg

I KNOW it must sound silly to my elders and my youngsters — to those who never knew it (the television weekend, the weekend called the '60s) because they are too young, and to those who didn't know it

because they were too old — but for us, in my generation, growing up happened in one weekend a long time ago (20 years plus, which makes me feel oddly old though I know I'm not).

So here is the 20th anniversary and the books and *Time* and *Newsweek* covers are all appropriately timed, with long scholarly reviews of the Bay of Pigs and Cuban missile crises and when Kennedy decided to end or begin or forget Vietnam...

And so here is this fellow, Martin,

Sweet grapes

GRAPES: A Vintage View of Hockey by Don Cherry. New York, Avon. \$3.50.

Sheldon Teitelbaum

"was the smell of chocolate after a rain." Soon after his arrival there in 1954, Grapes married one of the local maidens and made \$4,500 a year as a team enforcer.

At the end of the 1956-1957 season, his sights set on joining the Boston Bruins, Grapes was traded to the Springfield Indians. This team was coached by Eddie Shore. In the annals of pro-hockey, never was there a crazier bastard. A bald-headed accumulation of over 900 stitches, countless fractures of the back, hip, collarbone, and nose (which was broken 14 times), Shore had played the rink like a souped-up Ford in a demolition derby. And he expected his players to behave like-

wise. Moreover, he was a frugal man. A group of players on his shit-list, known as the Black Aces, doubled during game time as hot dog sellers, pop-corn makers, and janitors. Shore himself would park cars outside of his arena until game time, and yell out instructions to his Indians from the rafters, where he'd operate the spotlight. Shore's hockey sense, however, was impeccable.

"You'd be a better player," he once told defenceman Don Johns, "if you'd make some adjustments in your style." "Ok," said Johns, "what am I doing wrong?" "You're not combing your hair right," said Shore.

DON CHERRY drifted through the years playing for a series of two-bit clubs until the early Seventies, when he was offered the job of coach to the Rochester Americans. At \$15,000 a year, and with a free car, and no general manager to ride him, Don

who earlier wrote *Jennie* tall about Winston Churchill's mum, and a bunch of other books written like novels, almost, about famous types, so he's maybe the best person to write this book, which is hero worshiping at its peak. It even includes an understanding of flaws.

We weren't hero worshippers. I was too young to know Kennedy as a hero, in terms of being like him when I grew up. Since I had my hair cut that way, almost like a *Pohlnik* (to put it into our local terms), but nobody I knew could ever be like him. He was beyond actual hero worship, for us. Instead, it was a matter of feeling like everything crashed down around us in one long televised weekend.

For us, there is not really much preceding the assassination. Camelot and all was nice — vaguely remembering Jackie (she hated it when he called her Jackie, much preferred Jacqueline), her voice tiptoeing through the White House decorations; or remembering that teacher who one day kept her eye on the clock and made us stick our heads under our desks as the clock struck 10.30, which supposedly was when all hell was to surge out of the Caribbean (I know now) and swamp us all.

THIS BOOK props up the cracked sculpted image of the JFK who

earned his place long before Deady Plaza's motorcycle, but who gets special mention for so much that happened afterwards.

It's basically gossip, these hundreds of pages of direct quotes appropriately attributed to everybody from Kennedy himself to the family, the wife, the girlfriends, the boyfriends, the politicians. Gossip is what made Kennedy great. For the gossip of Kennedy brought in the great era of Andy Warhol's "everybody's-gonna-be-famous-for-15-minutes." Kennedy used up his 15 minutes in 1,000 days, and we then had 10 years of nightmares that started with that gun barrel sticking out of the Texas Book Depository.

That's for me.

For the others, I suppose, the nightmare began when the destroyers turned back the Soviet freighters, and there was a 50-50 chance none of us would make it.

Anyway, if it's good solid biographical gossip you want and in a cleaner version than the *National Enquirer's* — in other words, less raw and rich but more cultured and toney though still appealing to directly the same nerve, still striking the same chord — somehow being able to get right up close to these Kennedys with their wealth and charm and wit and brains and style and looks and everything else — then this book is for you.

Cherry had found his personal piece of nirvana. Working from scratch, Grapes put together the roughest man-eatingest team imaginable, each of his boys eager to bite through the enemy's limbs at the drop of a glove. Cherry's idea of good hockey made the Philadelphia Flyers look like a ballet company. For his efforts, he was offered the Boston Bruins, then one of the best clubs around, on a platter.

Although Grapes became the darling of his team, Boston hockey fans, and the media, he lasted only a few years. The problem, as he tells it, was that Boston's general manager, Harry Sinden, got jealous. And when the Bruins lost first place in 1975, mainly because the team was penalized at the end of the final game for having too many players on the ice, Sinden gave him the shaft.

Grapes was then offered a coaching position with a new expansion team, the Colorado Rockies. He agreed, against everybody's better judgement, and, because he had given his word, turned down a subsequent position with the Toronto Maple Leafs. Nice guys finish last, and Grapes knew his days were num-

bered when his new boss pulled out a book he had written called *Everything I Know About Hockey*, and the pages were blank. No matter. After his hitch with the Denver team, Grapes went on to coach Team Canada towards a victory against the Czechs and Russians, and finally settled down to flapping his dentures on TV as a sportscaster.

GRAPES, needless to say, has written a fairly engaging book here, a kind of *Ball Four* (Jim Bouton's baseball bestseller) without, unfortunately, the sex. It would have been interesting to know, for instance, if Bobby Orr's knees were the only things reduced to rubber by the rigours of warfare on ice. But although Don Cherry likes his beer, his buddies, and a good, tooth-decaying brawl, he is still a gentleman where it counts. And don't let the fact that Stan Fischler helped him write the book put you off. The results are impressive. As Grapes himself writes on the blurb: "Three years ago, I couldn't spell 'author.' Now, I am one." Together, they offer a plethora of grapes, both sweet and sour.

Love suicides

STRANGERS IN THE SQUARE by Arthur and Cynthia Koestler. London, Hutchinson. £9.95.

Neville Braybrooke

before he dies, or to die before he is forgotten...

Koestler's idea was that Cynthia and he should contribute alternate chapters. In the event however, in the manuscript which they left behind, the lion's share of the writing has been done by Cynthia. Koestler's contribution is confined to three chapters, the first of which is a resumé of his life up to 1949, the year he met Cynthia.

In the other two chapters he discusses, when living in post-war France, his stormy relations with Camus, Sartre and Simone de

Beauvoir and, in 1950, his involvement with the organizing of the Cultural Congress for Freedom in Berlin.

At this period neutralism in the West, he argues, was a form of intellectual betrayal because it allowed Hollywood purges of suspected Reds to be equated with Stalinist purges in the USSR. Such an attitude failed to take into account the difference of scale between the purges. A country run on totalitarian lines could not be compared with a democracy infiltrated by a few thousand fellow-travellers. The term Iron Curtain, if it meant anything, meant the world divided into opposing political camps (the term, incidentally, was one which Koestler claimed to have invented).

Again, although Koestler believed

that friendships could cross frontiers and transcend political differences, there were, in his view, exceptions: one was when politics meant commitment to an ideology such as Nazism or Stalinism. Much of his strength as a commentator derives from the fact that he had first-hand experience of both during the 1930s.

CYNTHIA JEFFERIES was 22 years younger than Koestler. As a child in Pretoria, she had tried her hand at writing romances and, on occasion, the marks show in her narrative. This is her comment on a friend's death from childbirth: "How could the birds still sing, I thought, as I woke to the dawn chorus the next day."

Yet, from her earliest schooldays, it had been her ambition to work for a writer. Koestler was a painfully slow writer, but with Cynthia there to collaborate in his researches and to dictate to him what he could work much faster. On his own he estimated that it would take him five

years to complete his book on Copernicus, Kepler and Galileo. But if Cynthia would help him, they could halve the time. Thus she became more and more indispensable to him and, in 1965, when she was 37, they were married.

After the news broke last year of their joint-suicide, there was speculation concerning at what point Cynthia must have decided to join him. A clue is, perhaps, to be found in her closing chapter. There, she recalls a canoeing holiday of theirs in France of some 30 years before, and how her function was to play "second paddle" to him. The term underlines what her role in their relationship had always been and would be. Once therefore Koestler had decided to end his life, the idea of existence without him became too great for her to bear. The words that she added to his farewell note contain both the literal truth and a summing up on her own life: "I cannot live without Arthur."